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FEBRUARY 2, 1970

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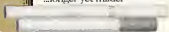
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Contents

FEBRUARY 2, 1970 Volume 32, No. 5

8 It's More Fun Without Lew

UCLA, displaying an all-around game again, is as prosperous as ever—and everybody plays

12 New Kind of French Dressing

Slings' young champs are tearing up the oldtimers as the season swings toward the world championships

18 Neat Feet with a Kenya Beat

This belonged to trotfoot Miler Kip Keino as he defeated Marty Liquori in 4:00.5 on a tight Philly track

20 Into the Winner's Circle

Willie Shoemaker reveals details of his career as America's winningest jockey

26 'Mother' Was a Home at Sea

A 50-foot twin diesel shevelled Artist Tam Allen and his companions on a fishing trip to the Carly Cat Cays

32 Golfing's Pro of 52nd Street

He was out on a cat now and then out on the town, but Dave Marr always qualifies for a place at Shar's bar

44 Mortgaging the Old Homestead

An eminent science writer assesses what we are doing to our world and ponders our chances of survival

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 6 Scorecard | 40 Pro Basketball |
| 37 People | 53 For the Record |
| 38 College Basketball | 54 19th Hole |



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Credits on page 53

Next week

THE BIG SPORTS CARS open a new world-championship season at Daytona as Ferrari returns to challenge speedsters from Porsche and Maserati. Bob Jones reports the 24-hour race.

WHAT GOES UP must ski down, and Squaw Valley is booming with new lifts and a grand gondola. The Olympic site and its Olympian owner are revivified by Alfred Wright.

THE SACK OF PARIS has tempted many risktakers. The most recent attempt was in 1969 when a bunch of Welsh rugby fans—looters and cattle thieves at heart—almost did it.

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Tom Jones

Dean Martin

Eddy Arnold

Engelbert Humperdinck

Aretha Franklin

Henry Mancini

Loretta Lynn

Charley Pride

Kitty Wells



331



353



275



244



36



368



276



24



310



31



358



221



274



285



568



369



322



312



354



347



374



321



269



362



290



660



46



361



674



286



764



96



826



326



363



175



320



304



324



833



271



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309



716



349



548



337



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262



284

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When I was an undergraduate at Georgetown University a young historian named Carroll Quigley offered a course called *Development of Civilization*, a one-year survey of human activity from roughly 10,000 B.C. to date (the date then being the Truman Administration). Though the course officially traced the development of civilization Dr. Quigley was actually more interested in its deterioration, a process he felt was particularly visible today. He had a great talent for using homely examples to illustrate his theses. One morning, for instance, he limped into class and gave what had to be one of the more provocative explanations for a pulled muscle. (My old Dev Civ notes have only the cryptic entry, "Quig-kick-can," but I think I remember the incident clearly enough to give a fairly accurate paraphrase.)

"One night a week my wife and I have a class for neighborhood children in street games," he said. "I slipped trying to kick the can."

We responded with a tentative laugh, having learned not to commit ourselves hastily to emotional outbursts with this sardonic man.

"My falling on my rear is amusing," said Quigley with a grin, "but the reason we are playing these games is not. It is alarming." And he went on to explain how children are forgetting how to play. When he started his neighborhood course, he said, not a child on the block knew kick-the-can, mother-may-I or crack-the-whip, and most were shaky on the rules of hide-and-seek. "They are accustomed to buying recreation in kits," he went on. "They imitate professional performers, being entertained rather than entertaining themselves. This is, of course, analogous to the situation in postrepublican Rome." (Quigley could find a precedent for any sort of moral degradation in imperial Rome.)

"In periods of decline recreation becomes an exhibition to promote docility and take people's minds off public calamity," he said in 1948. "As our amount of leisure time increases so will the temptation to replace private games with public spectacles. That is why we're teaching kick-the-can and that is why I am limping."

I have thought about this lecture a lot lately, most recently in connection with the one-mile-brick-pull, a private game I had never heard of until a cou-

When Games Were for Fun

by BIL GILBERT

ple of weeks ago. Percy Polley, a shrewd, prosperous octogenarian who lives near me in this small central Appalachian village, was talking about it one day in the barbershop. Just previously there had been a teen-ager in the shop who was telling us about a newly acquired set of weight-lifting devices, including what they had cost him. Later Percy commented mildly, "When I was young we had a good game, a test of strength."

"What was that?"

"We would put a brick down on the track out at the station, a mile from town; just a common building brick. We would tie the end of a big roll of bender twine around it and, paying out the twine as we went, walk back into town. Then we'd see if anyone could pull that brick off the railroad track. That was work. You would pull and pull and pull. It felt like they were tied to an oak post. But it could be done," said Mr. Polley with pride.

The one-mile-brick-pull is an entertainment which, if he is still thinking about such things, Dr. Quigley would identify and recommend as a private, old-style game. Old-style games are essentially free-form, do-it-yourself exercises, their objective being to excite, please and occupy the time of the participants. They are competitive, have rules, strategic plays and traditions, but these are passed along from individual to individual, generation to generation, rather than being codified in handbooks or enshrined in halls of fame. Old-style games do not require elaborate facilities nor expensive equipment. (Brick-pulling used a lot of string, but what's a few balls of bender twine?) In contrast, if you are going to be a Pee Wee Golfer you need, among other things, clubs that you cannot improve or safely steal, a course that you cannot build yourself, fees you cannot afford and a national tournament (with press sent) that you cannot organize.

Some other fundamental differences between old- and new-style games can be illustrated by comparing knockout-and-lydown, a game I waded through of

my precocious youth on, with Little League baseball. Knockout and lydown is played with a bat and ball—any old club and any old ball will do, and any number can play. The first batter, chosen by lot, argument or fistfight, throws the ball up and knocks it out, fungo fashion. He tries to hit it as far as he can and where the fielder ain't. He then lays the bat on the ground, and the fielder tries to hit the bat with the ball from the place he catches or runs down the ball. If he misses, the batter gets another turn. Knockout-and-lydown can be played anywhere, and in fact we preferred rough terrain to take advantage of hidden humps and ridges that would divert the ball on its way to the bat.

Little League is another matter. Instead of three or four kids deciding on the spur of the moment—having between them a bat, ball and the inclination—to play knockout-and-lydown, Little League takes almost massive preparations. Parents, recreation directors and such meet as early as March to plan fundraising raffles, spaghetti dinners and the purchase of uniforms. Fathers work nights to prepare fields, insurance forms, injury waivers. Eventually coaches are selected, umpires signed and teams picked by parents in a draft, not by kids hand over hand on a bat handle.

I have no intention of denying that nearly all adult organizers, supervisors and some of the players enjoy Little League baseball. My son Ky was a Little Leaguer one season. He is chiefly remembered for playing a butterfly into a triple. During a July game a handsome ringer swallowtail drifted into Ky's right-field position. While Ky was trying to sneak up on it, the batter hit a pop fly into the area. Intent on the chase and being partly deaf, Ky had no idea the ball was there until the second baseman ran out and retrieved it. Ky got the business about the incident for a long time. One enthusiastic momma, whenever she met Ky that summer, would advise him unsmilingly, "Don't be chasing bugs tonight. You've got to concentrate if we're

continued

going to win." In knockout-and-laydown nobody cared whether you chased balls or butterflies.

If old-style games are so good, one might ask, why have they almost disappeared? Mostly the loss can be attributed to certain social and psychological pressures, a kind of mass brain wash. The pitch goes: Your children deserve organized recreation. Let's give them the proper facilities. Keep them off the streets. Keep them off riots and marijuana. It is as if old-style games were wasteful, uneducational and vaguely unsavory. It ain't necessarily so.

One such largely forgotten game that comes to mind is mumblety peg. Four boys could while away an afternoon, even days and weeks, given nothing but three square feet of turf and a jack-knife. The preferred knife in my day was the black-handled scout type given away free with every pair of new high-top boots. Mumblety peg was not a physically vigorous game, but it exercised the mind, vocal cords and nerve. Could you get three fingers between the handle and the grass? Did you have to use three fingers? Wasn't the rule two fingers? It also had built into it the potential for disaster. A lot of the excitement came from anticipating the moment when somebody flipped the knife through his shoe and into his foot. Bold players actually courted risk rather than wait for accidents. One version of mumblety peg required the nonthrower to spread his hand flat on the ground. If the knife man while trying to flip—say from his knee—misses and cuts his opponent, he loses his turn and must start over at the first position, the overhand throw.

Less well-known than mumblety peg but in some respects a better game, richer in violence and aggression, is one I have played for 30 years without knowing its name. Call it the paper-rock-scissors game. The players (usually two) make fists, bang them into their open palms three times in cadence and on the count of three hold up one of three signs. If the fist remains closed, it's a rock; a spread hand is paper, two fingers extended represent scissors. The rule is: rock breaks scissors, scissors cut paper and paper covers rock, i.e., a player with a rock wins over a scissors, the scissors man beats paper and paper beats rock. Ties don't count.

The winner of each such square-off

gets to smack the loser across his wrist as hard as he can. If the loser flinches, the victor gets another shot. Wrist slapping is traditionally regarded as an effete form of violence, but not in the paper-rock-scissors game. The object is not only to hit hard, but to hit exactly where you hit before, where you have been hitting for an hour or so. I have come back from school after a bad day at this game with a wrist as big as a bicep, as red and burning as if I had laid it on a barbecue grill.

Among other things, paper-rock-scissors is the best car game there is, entertaining a back seat full of kids for miles, allowing them to work out their travel aggressions on each other instead of the adults.

The pleasure of many games, both old and new, is laced with sadism. A lot of people, especially a lot of growing boys, like to hurt their fellows or pretend to. In old-style games these facts are openly admitted, unadorned with subterfuge or twinges of guilt. Games like king-of-the-hill, capture-the-flag, pioneer-and-Indians are really nothing but loosely organized rumbles. In all of them the idea is to knock down or beat up other players. The advantage of these games is that they release hostilities and reduce the chances of après-play unpleasantness: blood feuds, parental or legal retaliation ("Yeah, maybe I did break his glasses, but I didn't mean to").

A big knock against old, disorganized street and field play is that it is unsafe. This assumption is not necessarily true, overlooking (as it does) the fact that while freestyle games do indeed have a taste for violence, they also have well-developed survival instincts.

In modern, adult-chaperoned games there is the temptation among players to forget their reasonable prudence. Thus in vacant-lot football if a kid gets a bloody nose, he is, nine times out of 10, going to yell, moan, sit down immediately and watch the satisfyingly heroic drip of blood. In midget football a trainer is going to stop the blood flow, a coach is going to tell him to be a man, stop yelling and get back in there to do or die for the Shady Grove Tigers.

In some competitive games the violence has been reduced to pure symbolism. Old-style marbles, for one. Young spies tell me that marbles are rarely played these days, except by a few hot-shots who practice assiduously in hopes

of advancing through local, regional and state contests to the national championships, sponsored, of course, by some adult group or other. I know how all this came to pass. Adults just don't like kids to be shooting marbles. They complained in my day that we spent too much time at it, wore holes in the knees of our pants and that the competition led to fights. Mostly they disliked marbles because it was a form of gambling. I can still remember Miss Barton, a sixth-grade teacher, keeping all the boys after school and lecturing us about the evils of marble playing. She said we were wasting our parents' money, that poor boys were spending their lunch money for aggie and probably would get rickets as a result. To correct this, society has organized marble shooting, replacing the amateur gamblers with professionals, who contend for trophies rather than lunch money.

Another old-style game in which violence was muted was duck-on-a-rock, possum that now seems to be as rare as jousting. All you needed was a big, flat rock flush with the ground, upon which to balance a smaller one (the duck) and a roundish rock for rolling at the duck. The object was to knock the duck from the flat rock and if possible split it, which gave you a bonus. Simple though the rules were, there was a good bit to it. It often took several weeks of geological prospecting to find a bowling stone with just the right heft, and even then the chances were that it, rather than the duck, would break up on the second pitch. Also, since duck-on-a-rock was played on rough, makeshift lanes, figuring out the roll could be tricky.

As to a comparison between duck-on-a-rock and its modern, Establishment equivalent, the Saturday morning Junior Bowling League, I think we got more exercise our way, and it certainly didn't cost us anything. And there is a satisfaction to smashing a stone to smithereens that you do not get throwing a smooth plastic ball against indestructible pins that are lined up for you by a machine you cannot touch or understand.

I am not prepared or equipped, as Dr. Quigley was, to argue that the one-mile-brick-pull or duck-on-a-rock will make the world safe for democracy. All I know is, there are a lot of good old games lying around streets, alleys and weedy lots going to waste. If this is not sinister, it certainly is silly. **END**

SCORECARD

Edited By ROBERT CREAMER

SORE HORSES

In the old days in China, carvings of the nude female figure were used for diagnoses. When a lady was sick, she modestly pointed out on the "doctor doll" where she was hurting; doctors were not allowed to make personal inspection.

Just as archaic is the rule suggested at the recent American Horse Shows Association Convention in New York City by the Tennessee Walking Horse Committee, which proposed that horses entered in shows be examined by veterinarians at eye level only; the vet would not be allowed even to touch a possibly sore pastern. Since deliberate cruelty to walking horses ("soring"—the pastern area to exaggerate artificially the natural gait) is commonplace (SA, July 23, 1956 et seq.), a vet thus handcuffed would be useless and his presence mere eye-wash. The trainers keep pleading for time to clean up their own mess, but what they really want is an eternity. Fortunately, the AHSA board of directors did not accept the "Look, no hands rule," and veterinarians will have complete freedom at recognized shows to seek out violations.

An even bigger help will be the Tydings Bill, which imposes severe penalties for soring and which has passed the Senate. We hope the House of Representatives will quickly follow suit and make it against the law of the land to torture horses for show purposes.

SOUL MATES

There are wives, and there are wives. Gary Roedemeier of Murray, Ky., has one who is really special. He gave her a set of golf clubs when they were married a month or so ago, and she gave him a regulation-size football goalpost for the backyard.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

What do you want to bet that, because of the computerized light last week, 40 years from now thousands of old men will tell their grandchildren that they

saw the fight of the century, the match between Rocky Marciano and Cassius Clay? Never mind the record books, they will cry through toothless gums, I saw it. I saw Clay get knocked out.

At Miami Beach Auditorium, one of the sites where the contrived bout was shown on film, 2,000 people, including Marciano's widow and daughter, yelled and shouted as Rocky rallied to catch Clay in the 13th. The 13th round... something familiar about that. Ah, yes, that was the round in which Marciano scored his come-from-behind knockout of Jersey Joe Walcott to win the heavyweight title. Was the 13th round this time coincidence or the script or the computer? The Miami Beach crowd could not have cared less. They may have been fed flimflam—Marciano and Clay sparred more than 70 rounds for the cameras last summer, dutifully giving the film editors a wide variety of situations to choose from in putting the "fight" together—but they loved it. In the 10th, when Clay was knocked down the first time, one spectator leaped from his seat with his arms held triumphantly over his head. When, later, the referee examined Marciano's supposedly cut and bleeding face ("It was *not* a cuttop," said Murray Woroner, the producer, "There were two legitimate cuts supplemented by makeup"), another man shouted at the screen, "Don't stop it!"

The crowd did not notice the sag in Marciano's belly when he leaned over to avoid Clay's sham punches or the healthy rug that covered his bald pate or the dubbed-in sounds of punches landing or the complete lack of clinches (no clinches in a 13-round fight?). The illusion succeeded mainly because Clay played his part so well. He did not fight like Clay; did not float like a butterfly or sting like a bee. Only once did he look like himself. That was in the eighth, when he slid to one side and hit Marciano with a chopping right.

"That was Clay," said a depressed Angelo Dundee, Clay's manager and train-

er. "That was legit. As for the rest of it, that was no Clay I knew." Don Warner, who once fought him, said, "In his whole life Clay never threw that many body punches. He wouldn't risk his face. But those are details: the people don't care about that. They got what they paid to see—Clay gets beat. And heck, everybody made a lot of money."

Maybe so. Marciano took a flat fee (an estimated \$35,000), but Clay accepted a much smaller amount in return for 10% of the profits. Crowds varied in size from theater to theater, and how much Muhammad Ali will finally make is still debatable. But some boxing men felt that money was not the only issue.

"Poor Clay," argued Chris Dundee, Angelo's brother. "He's going to be sick when he realizes what's happened to him. You see, he's *lost* a fight, and now he can't be a superfighter. That big image is a little smaller. The machine beat him."

GIMME A GLOVE

If the enthusiasm of a home crowd really does help a team, we wonder which football coach will be first to take advantage of this idea: James M. Crawford Sr. of Webster, Texas has been awarded a patent for "clapping mittens," special gloves designed to help fans "render loud and coordinated applause."

ENTER ANDY

Never mind that old routine about Hark, the Lark. Everyone knows that a sure sign of spring is Hark, Hark, Andy Granatelli, who comes out of hibernation each winter about this time to tell the world of the wild new things he is planning for the Indianapolis 500-mile race. Sure enough, Andy came to Indy, casting a large shadow, and announced that he is building a new generation of race cars, one of them specifically for the Memorial Day classic. And he has signed his favorite driver, Mario Andretti, the national champion who won the 500 fee Andy last year.

Granatelli's new cars are being built in Leuggers, Germany by a racing newcomer, Francis McNamara, who has been in the game for just two years but who already has a reputation of building winners. But do not expect anything far out, sighed Andy, like the turbines that set racing on its ear a couple of years ago. The new Indy race car will be wedge-shaped, wheels tucked in close, and powered by a Ford turbocharged

engine capable of, oh, say about 700 hp. And when Andy says, oh, say, about 700 hp it is safe to bet it will be more like a million.

SEARCH FOR A BLACK

John Jardine, the new football coach at Wisconsin, said last week, "I feel it's necessary to have a black coach on the staff, not just a counselor or an adviser. The kids want a coach. If a man isn't a coach, he loses face with the kids and the staff."

"I've had 150 applications for assistant-coach jobs, but so far only one Negro has applied. I had hoped there would be more."

Jardine added that he had approached Erich Barnes, the Cleveland Browns' veteran cornerback who had been his teammate years ago at Purdue, but without success. "When I told Erich the salary," Jardine commented, "he thought it was a retainer for a month."

RIDE IN THE COUNTRY

Among the lasting legacies of French rule in Vietnam is the people's enthusiasm for bicycle racing. Even after the Tour du Vietnam, a country-long road race, died out more than a decade ago, South Vietnamese cyclists continued to compete internationally, and this January the Saigon government revived the Tour. Renamed the Demi-tour du Vietnam, since it covered only about half the route of the old race, it ran for six days and covered 475 miles from

rice paddies to highlands and back.

The race was as much a political as an athletic event, and after each day's run the competitors were often asked to cycle additional distances to show that it was now possible to travel the roads safely. Gaping GIs along the way seemed incredulous that the race was for real. Most Vietnamese were surprised, too, and their reactions ranged from the glee of children let out of school early to watch to the disgust of taxi and truck drivers for whom the Tour was only foolish interference with their work.

Wherever they went the racers were protected by troops with tanks and helicopter gun ships. Most of the race was run without incident, though outside Bao Loc city it was delayed for 90 minutes while engineers detonated a mine and troops engaged in a fire fight with the Viet Cong. Generally, though, the most serious problem facing the cyclists was spills on the bad roads. Many of the roads were under construction, and others were strewn with gravel and rocks and pitted with potholes. Even so, the racers were looking forward to a full tour of South Vietnam next year "if the American engineers can finish the roads in time." There was no comment from the Viet Cong.

PLUS TWO

Harness racing is taking a radical step in an attempt to solve one of its perennial problems: the high incidence of lameness and other afflictions that plague 2-year-olds. Because they are trained and raced while their bones are still soft and their muscles undeveloped, many young colts get hurt and break down. Fewer than 25% of the 2-year-olds ever reach the starting gate (the percentage among flat-racing thoroughbreds is similar).

Since it would be impracticable to ban 2-year-old racing, which is extremely lucrative, harness officials have changed the breeding rules instead. Traditionally, all racing horses born in a calendar year become one year old on the following Jan. 1. But now standardbreds foaled in November and December will not become yearlings until the second Jan. 1 of their young lives. With that extra two-month leeway breeders can aim at earlier foalings, and colts going into training will be significantly older and stronger. The percentage of 2-year-olds getting to the races should be higher, and they ought to be sound-

er and more dependable when they do race. Admittedly, it is an experiment—all harness-racing people don't like it—but you can be sure the results will be closely watched by thoroughbred racing, too.

INEVITABILITY OF LOGIC

Don't know whether this will comfort Muhammad Ali or not, but early in the season Coach Ron Farris of Spencerian, a Louisville business college, decided to test a computer by having it analyze the possible outcome of Spencerian's basketball games. The computer blew one prediction at the start when it had no information of consequence and another when the data was incomplete. But in the other eight games it analyzed it was 100% correct (Spencerian won four and lost four, all as predicted) and was never more than three points off the final margin of victory.

Not surprisingly, the Spencerian team developed a complex. Farris explained, "A couple of the fellows came to me and said they felt uncomfortable about it. It was easy to see why. It got to me, too. How would you like to go into a game knowing that you were supposed to lose by so much and score X amount of points to an X-plus amount by the other team—and then have it happen?"

What else could Farris do? He fired the computer.

THEY SAID IT

- Bobby Orr, Boston Brain 21-year-old star who is on his way to becoming a young millionaire, asked if he would like to coach an All-Star hockey team with players like Detroit's Gordie Howe and Chicago's Bobby Hull: "It would be nice to coach a team like that, but I'd rather own it."

- Monsignor Vincent J. MacKay, who leads the Kansas City Chiefs in prayer, on his Super Bowl efforts: "Jerry Mays asked me to say a prayer after the game no matter who won. To be safe, I had to wait until the fourth quarter to compose it in order to see what direction I should take."

- Barry Moore, pitcher traded from Ted Williams' Washington Senators to the Cleveland Indians: "Maybe it's just inexperience, but Ted Williams doesn't know much about pitching. I think he tends to overwork his hot pitcher. He burned out Dennis Higgins, who had a great first half."

END





IT'S MORE FUN WITHOUT LEW

Everybody plays, now that the one-man gang, Lew Alcindor, has gone. UCLA is not better but it's brighter and No. 1 by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

It has been approximately 100 days and 14 games since the Bruins of UCLA awoke on a mid-October morning to what must have been a feeling approaching that of the young savior in the movie *Alice in Wonderland*, who had his legs rather rudely amputated by the town doctor because the sadistic medic was disturbed that the man had dated his daughter. On awakening from the operation, the unfortunate swain stared down at the end of the bed and delivered the memorable line, "Where's the rest of me?"

That young actor's panic was only for the cinematic moment. The UCLA players' uncertainty, on the other hand, lasted a while longer—or until they discovered, to a fellow, that the absence of a man named Lew Alcindor was not going to mean the loss of limb, the deprivation of food and clothing or as much forfeiture of their general habits as they had come to suspect. Indeed, now, after winning all of their first 14 games—albeit some by the fine hairs of a UCLA coach's natural cut—they no longer ask such questions of themselves and are becoming somewhat weary of answering to the similar doubts of others.

Last weekend UCLA concluded the nonconference portion of its schedule with a sluggish no-meaning victory over

UC Santa Barbara 89-80 and a thunderous romp over Wyoming 115-77. Because, with a vastly dissimilar style, the Bruins are rebounding better, shooting better and scoring more than last year's national championship team, and because they are again, as the blue-and-gold buttons around campus would have it, "Number One," comparisons with the Alcindor years have yet to cease.

"Not everyone gets to play with Lew Alcindor in their life," says John Vallely, the blond bench boy who studies the backcourt for UCLA. "But this year it seems like we're playing real basketball, the way we grew up playing it. It's difficult to make comparisons because Lew was such a great player. We all know this, though, it's a lot more fun now. I mean, we must be more fun to watch. With Lew, the way he is, once you've seen him hook two or three times, it's over. He used to hook it in a few times and we'd win by 30. What a drag, huh? Now we're running and pressing and all of us are getting into the act—you know, just like in regular basketball."

"It's funny, though. People still ask about the challenge of playing without Lew and about the pressure of winning. I've never really thought of it in terms of pressure. Not winning just has never occurred to me. We've always been winners here, all of us from high school on. Winning is the only thing we know. There are no other options."

UCLA has won 102 of 104 games over the past 3½ seasons, but this year's version of the dynasty realistically in-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERRY A. LONG

The team's high scorers, John Vallely (40) and Sidney Wicks, also enjoying the revived, all-court press as much as they do shooting.

sites comparison not with the triumvirate of Alcindor-led champions but with Wooden's teams of 1964 and 1965. Not so coincidentally, these contingents, whose time is lovingly referred to around Westwood Village as "the Hazzard and Goodrich years," also won NCAA national titles.

Walt Hazzard and Gail Goodrich, now stellar professionals both, were the swift-handed, quick-witted floor leaders who made UCLA so dominant. Though neither Valley nor Henry Bibby, 6' 1" and a brilliant shooter from long range, is as capable of generalship, Wooden believes his current team has certain potentialities above and beyond those of his former champions. Included among them are Bibby's shooting (which he used to practice under the North Carolina moon after picking tobacco all day) and team rebounding, a chore that is the vested responsibility of the Bruins' imposing front line of Steve Patterson, Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe, college basketball's musketeers of muscle.

Although UCLA's starters (with the exception of Rowe and Valley) had to wait until this season to earn playing time of any consequence (you-bet-your-sweet Bibby is a sophomore), the five appear to get along famously in the high

post offense that was the hallmark of the pre-Alcindor days. It is an attack that affords equal shooting opportunities for all but Patterson at center, and it puts a premium on balanced scoring, screens, cuts and teamwork. With it, all five are averaging in double figures and are shooting, as a group, almost 53%.

Early in the season, however, UCLA was depriving itself of its set plays simply by being so proficient in another phase of its offense: the fast break. The Bruins won six of their first eight games by 25 points or more, running their opposition out to the Santa Barbara oil slicks and back. Paradoxically, the other two victories were one-pointers (over Minnesota and Princeton), and it suddenly became apparent that to stop UCLA all one had to do was to slow the tempo and control the ball.

Since early in the month, as a consequence, Wooden has been resurrecting, piece by piece, his devastating zone press, still another strategic UCLA ploy that Alcindor, by his very presence, had transformed into a useless relic. The zone press forces a control team out of its patterns, makes it get moving to survive and, as the creator of chaos, is the quickest way yet devised to send a team unprepared for such activity to a psychi-

atric ward. With the hustling, acrobatic Wicks roaming the court with all of the abandon and most of the skill that Keith Erickson once brought to the position, the ZP saved the Bruins against Oregon State's slowdown—another one-point victory—and was the decisive factor in turning the game with Bradley all the way around.

Still, a walk with UCLA is preferable to a run, unless one has the bulls of Pamplona summed up, so Wooden undoubtedly will see countless zombielike offenses from now until the end of the season. The Bruins have yet to go on the road in the Pacific Eight, a conference so tough that the champion, some say, will have lost three games. And they express concern about away contests at California this weekend and Oregon State just before winding up the season with those backyard-to-backyard horror tests against Southern Cal.

All of the talk about the "new look" rivals across town, by the way, does not bother the men of UCLA. They quiet such conversation by mentioning a scheduled plane flight to Portland last season on which the USC team was booked in tourist. When Trojan officials discovered that UCLA was on the plane in first class, they quickly switched flights. "I bet the USC players don't know yet why they were changed," laughs Patterson.

Local backbiting aside, cultures everywhere would be wise to snap at the champions while they may. The Bruins are a young team (Valley is the only senior), they are getting better and now all the ingredients of the past are back for the Kentuckys, New Mexico States and St. Bonaventures of the land to think about.

Before the season began, it was generally assumed that UCLA would have a strong first five and no depth, but in two of UCLA's close decisions it was a substitute who played the major role. Against Princeton, 6' 4" swingman Kenny Booker, a defensive specialist, came in with 12 minutes left for the express purpose of stopping the Tigers' Jeff Petric, who had scored 26 points up to that time. Booker shut out Petric from the floor as UCLA won at the buzzer on a shot by Wicks. Moreover, in the game that the Bruins look back on as their most important of the year, John Ecker, a willowy forward without much experience, was sent in for a jump ball



Enjoying the challenge of his new-style team, Johnay Wooden can get excited again.

when Wicks fouled out with 16 seconds to go and UCLA was trailing Oregon State by one point, Ecker not only controlled the tip but got loose underneath and converted a perfect pass from Patterson for the basket that won the game.

If nothing else, that play may have been the one final stroke that brought to this year's team a certain sense of itself in the largely esoteric terms of identity, morale and relationships, and the force that unlinked it from the dark rumors of dissension that surrounded UCLA during the past three seasons.

"When Ecker won that game for us," says Valley, "it gave us a special lift because he was a substitute who did it. It meant he contributed something that none of the starters could. It was better that way. I remember last year's championship, and a lot of guys didn't feel anything about it because they didn't think they had contributed. And they hadn't—it was all so easy. This year everyone is helping each other a lot more—not just saying 'too damn bad' if another guy makes a mistake—and, if we win again, they're all going to have contributed. I want to win the NCAA again for guys like Booker and Terry Scholfield and Bill Sobert. We'll all be a part of it this time."

Patterson, who is called the "Cat Man" because of his unique sleeping hours that cause him to be victimized by Wooden's sharp tongue during practice ("I am not cutting around at night," Patterson says, "I am reading"), agrees with Valley's assessment. "The *esprit de corps* was, frankly, not good last year," he says. "This wasn't because of Lew. He wasn't a detriment; there will never be a better team player than Lew. But we were all too concerned with points and playing time, not with winning. We would win. The main thing was contending with each other to get into games. We're so much more together this year."

Probably no player on the Bruins better exemplifies the new image around Pauley Pavilion these days than Sidney Wicks, one of the truly outstanding seniors of the Western world. A loquacious, animated and genuinely clever soul, Wicks came to UCLA as a local junior-college star but, unable to break into the lineup very often last year, he sulked and repeatedly clashed with Wooden. On the court he's 6' 8", 230-pounder is a physical marvel with the potential to be UCLA's finest cornerman ever, but



Newest star, sophomore Henry Bibby is an excellent floor man with a fine outside shot.

in competition he is like the little girl with the curl—alternately very, very good and then horrid. This season he is beginning to fulfill his capabilities, and he leads the team in scoring and is second in rebounding. Off the court he plays just as important a role.

"We are much more open this year," says Wicks, in his breathless way. "And it is because of me—W'OH-ooo." Wicks laughs in a marvelously high pitch, says W'OH-ooo a lot and constantly entertains his teammates by dancing his "funky chicken," giving renditions of *Milvahr Coshor's* Rizzo Rizzo and, his specialty, repeating word for word with accompanying fast draws and mannerisms the entire conversation of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid on their flight through South America.

Wicks' amiability may come as a surprise to those opponents who, on occasion, are fazed with his glare and could be excused if they went screaming into the night. But his comic routine is mainly responsible for the team's happy-go-lucky looseness. Wicks is on record as having been rendered speechless only once—last season in a practice when he kept mumbling something about "taking Lew's hat" (blocking Alcinder's shot). Subsequently Alcinder almost "took"

Wicks' neck by practically jamming him through the basket, whole. "Lew just smiled," says a teammate of the incident, "and Sidney walked away hah-bling incoherently."

All of this joviality is not lost on Wooden, a considerate man who is enjoying indeed reveling in—his team after three years of storm and controversy that took its toll on his health, if not his peace of mind. Without ever appearing to relax his devotion to inner discipline and strict attention to detail, which he firmly believes help win ball games, he will accept a gibe from a Wicks in the spirit in which it was intended.

Now 59 and the only man to win five NCAA basketball titles, he sat in his office last week surrounded by the memorabilia of 22 years at UCLA. He snuck a jelly bean from the giant-size glass jar he keeps stocked on his desk, and he thought about his current team.

"I'm like any fan, I guess," he said. "It's more fun now, sure, and I'm even enjoying the tight games. It used to be that in close ones, well, we'd be O.K. Lewis was there, and we'd work things out. There didn't seem to be much to it. Now I feel like I have something to do. I feel more alive. It's been a long time."

END

NEW KIND OF FRENCH DRESSING

Wearing sleek uniforms and skiing like Jean-Claude himself, a crew called the New Naturals is tearing up the oldtimers as the circuit swings toward Italy and the World Alpine championships by WILLIAM JOHNSON

The days have been gray and the snow either sparse or as heavy as porridge over much of the European ski racing circuit. There is no single spirit, blinthe and daring, to dominate the days and enliven the nights as Jean-Claude Killy once did. The American team, which started the season with at least nominally high hopes for the men and superlative expectations for the women, has fallen near a state of despair, a condition caused by a series of disappointing races and agitated further by the fact that the team does not even have national uniforms and is, literally, out at the elbows. Smashups have been frequent and brutal all season, and last week the rather grim mood of it all was further emphasized when a promising French teen-ager, Michel Bozon, was killed in a fall in a downhill race at Megève.

Still, as 1970 ski racing moves toward its competitive pinnacle—the FIS World Alpine championships next week at Val Gardena in northern Italy—there are signs that the season is about to produce one of sport's classic battles: the challenge of the crafty old kings of the mountain by brash young hotshots.

The flashiest skis on the hills this winter have belonged to a pair of kids—to the cool, profoundly confident Frenchman, Patrick Russel, 23, and the soft-spoken, wide-eyed 18-year-old Italian, Gustavo Thoeni, who travels the circuit with his father. They are the best of a coming breed called the New Naturals, those kids who hurl themselves down the mountains with an exuberant abandon that leaves the veterans gasping—and perhaps a bit sad. As Billy Kidd, 26, now in his eighth season for the U.S., puts it: "It may help that the young racers now start with more advanced

equipment than we did. But the older racers are trained to prepare for a turn before they get to it. The young ones race right to the gates full blast and then slam down on their skis because they know they can do it. I just feel so heavy and slow by comparison."

So the kids have come to conquer. Russel (pronounced Roo-sell) stood No. 1 in overall World Cup standings with 140 points after finishing first in last week's giant slalom in Megève. And Thoeni (pronounced Tony) was second with 107 points. Last year's cup winner and world champ, Austria's resilient and wily Karl Schranz, a hoary 31, stood third with 106. But there were even more of the New Naturals not far behind in points and all are genuine threats to win one event or another in Val Gardena. These included other French whiz kids such as Jean-Noël Augert, 20, Henri Duvillard, 22, and Alain Penz, 22; plus Australia's surprising Malcolm Milne, 21, whose straightaway style may be best suited of all for the Italian downhill, which is not noted for its scenic curves.

Perhaps Russel is the new best in the ski world. He is trim at 5' 7" and 147 pounds, superbly conditioned and magnificently relaxed. Russel runs a slalom course with a floating, fluid style that always seems to conceal his rocketing speed. During the Lauberhorn slalom in Wengen, his start seemed almost lackadaisical, while the other racers were barging about violently, hitting poles, forcing themselves into momentum. Not Russel. "He looked as if he were powder skiing," said Canadian veteran Rod Hebron. "He didn't hit a single pole and he won."

It looks easy: to gain such speed Rus-

sel sits farther back on his skis than anyone else competing now (although both Thoeni and the Swiss oldtimer, Dumeng Giovanoli, 29, are trying to copy the style). Russel's nonsecret weapon is a strange new ski boot, which rises to mid-calf in back but is cut normally in front. This stiff support allows him to lean back during a run. And one can bet that, given Russel's success, the new boot will soon be marketed hotly around the world as the Patrick Russel signature model. The Frenchman also races on a set of skis with exceptionally stiff tails (Rossignols, of course, since Russel's dad is that firm's export manager), and the combination of boots and skis brings him out of each turn hunched far back—and fast. The style is considered much smoother and less frenetic than the more exciting but occasionally slapdash methods of Killy.

It isn't all equipment. An extreme worker, Russel trained under the famed French instructor Georges Joubert, and he spent his last seven summers bombing down a glacier near Alpe d'Huez. "Patrick has skied through more gates than any other racer alive," one associate says. His teammates call him "Castor" (it means Beaver in French)—but not because he trains so hard; because he has slightly buck teeth. No matter. It all paid off when he made the French traveling team and began spotting a few victories along the slalom trails. His steady gain spurred a generally overlooked comment from Killy: "It is time

renewed

World Cup leader Patrick Russel of France (left) is the stylist and Italy's Gustavo Thoeni (right and back) is the charger of 1970.



for me to retire because I don't think I can beat guys like Russel in the future." And if Killy was the only one who noticed Russel then, the rest of the racers spotted him when he won the slalom at Kitzbuhel last year.

Long-haired, darkly shaggy, Russel is a subdued swinger despite the fact he is inundated by finish-line dollies after each race and draws come-hither looks in all the bistros on the toar. He does not even—horrors!—own a sports car like his teammates; he drives a Volkswagen.

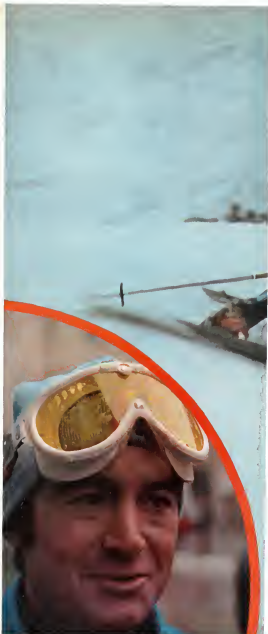
Russel will be favored by most to win the slalom at Val Gardena's big showdown, and many pick him for the giant slalom, too. But if he does not finish first, chances are excellent that the winner will be that apple-cheeked Italian, Gustavo Thoeni. Until this year Thoeni was all but anonymous outside Italy, where he had been quietly knocking off junior championships since he was 14. He did win the giant slalom at the Alpine cup at Val d'Isère last year, but that came during the doldrums of March, when everybody was exhausted from the long season, and it drew little notice. He then went to Australia and won another GS over such top-rankers as the U.S.'s Spider Sabich and France's Henri Duvillard.

Just a slight 5' 8", 145-pound kid, Thoeni was still unnoticed when the 1970 season started. But he hit an instant spotlight when he won the first giant slalom of the year in Val d'Isère in December. "I could not believe it then," he says. But he believes it now. He also won the Hindelang slalom since then and has placed consistently well in the slaloms, building up his points and an almost-sly sort of confidence. "I have now come to believe that I can win the slalom or the giant slalom at Italy," he says. "Thoeni is very aggressive," says Don Henderson, the U.S. men's coach. "He is just a fantastic skier who never falls. He skis the way Billy Kidd did 10 years ago."

Ah, but can mere boys move in to steal the day at Val Gardena from the wise and toughened veterans? What of the moody Karl Schranz and his teammate, 30-year-old Heinz Meissner? What

continued

The fluid grace of Racer Russel (center) is setting up a crucial test for such oldtimers as Duvillard, Blavazail, 25, and Karl Schranz, 31 (insets), who have grown used to winning.







of the Swiss cook, Giacomelli, who already has his share of triumphs this year? And what, for that matter, of the Americans, Kidd and Sabich?

Russel, for one, is impatient with rationalizations about the powers of experience. "Yes," he said, "Schrantz and Giacomelli are very strong. But to them racing is like a job. They don't have the punch the young ones have." We will let Schrantz, seamed and full of philosophical sighs these days, make the rebuttal across the generation gap. "The young ones are all specialists. I have always tried to be good in all three events. These young guys go all out in the first races of the season—but I would be surprised if they can keep it up. They still have a lot to learn. They win early, but when they get to the real tough courses, in Wengen and Kitzbühel, it is the old ones like Giacomelli and myself who beat them. I won races, too, when I started in 1955. But experience helps me in winning today. As they say, when you get to be my age you are not supposed to win anymore. But I have no intention of giving up. Let them go at their pace. I go at mine."

And a dazzling pace it is. Last week Schrantz won another downhill race over a treacherously icy course in Megève—and teammate Messner finished second. In the third spot was the upstart New Natural, Duvalard, and Karl was delighted. "I showed them today that I am not afraid," he said, and then broke into a rare grin. "And I beat their boy, Duvalard!"

But boys and girls together, the French team is nonetheless phenomenal this season, gathering a momentum that is shaking the ski world. Besides Russel's overall World Cup lead among men, Michèle Jacot and Françoise Macchi, both just 18, rank one-two on the women's list. The team as a whole has piled up an insurmountable 1,035 points for the Nations Cup, compared with 473 for the Austrians and 352 for the U.S. The French show a team spirit that is the wonder of the circuit. They are stunning in their shiny, oiled-silk navy blue racing suits with the baby blue stripes down the sides and legs; it is a sort of sexy,

spray-on Space Cadet uniform that brings them on like a cross between Captain Midnight and Manolete. All season the French have glowed with exuberance, class and confidence.

This is more or less in exact contrast to the atmosphere around the American team, for it has followed a dreary, rutted trail, full of nagging injuries and black moods. Perhaps it all began to sour way back around Christmas when Jim (Moose) Barrows, a fine downhill racer, went to the French resort of Il Tignes for some extra training. He smashed into a spectator during a practice run and crushed the bones in one side of his face; now, after surgery to install a metal plate, Barrows hopes to race in Val Gardena. But his mishap was only the first in a string of injuries.

Kidd banged up his right ankle a couple more times (making it the most injured ankle in skiing history), most recently last week. It will, he insists, be mended in time for the championships. Sabich twisted his knee when he crashed into the woods at Megève, also last week. Rudd Pyles, a pretty good downhiller, winging along at an estimated 60 mph, slammed into a spectator who was attempting to cross the racecourse just under a blind hump. He severely wrenched his knee (and broke both the spectator's legs). That was last week, too.

"We are all a little depressed," said Henderson, who left the comforts of Holderness prep school to become the men's coach this year. "That is because we have not won anything and we have nothing to be proud of. We came with such great expectations."

To watch the French team winning in nearly every meet is demoralizing enough, but to compare the U.S. state of dress with the French elegance undermines morale even more. The U.S. team looks like a collection of welfare cases. "Sure, the French are fired up and all we need is one little spark," said Henderson. "But there is another depressing factor—we don't even have a team uniform. Last May I contacted Head Ski & Sportswear, and told them we wanted the uniforms for October. But apparently our contract with Head did not include some necessities—such as clothes. They promised to send somebody to take measurements but nobody ever came. Some of our racers then sent in their measurements by mail and Head

sent some sweaters, parkas and warmup pants—but they didn't fit and they were not very attractive. In fact, the sweaters were blue with orange stripes and the boys refused to wear them and threw them away. Now the boys are wearing their own old ski clothes. Whether we'll have uniforms in Val Gardena remains to be seen. We did design some U.S. sweaters with red, white and blue stripes—with stars on the blue stripes—while we were training. We got them from a French company, and maybe they will help team spirit a little bit."

The U.S. girls, meanwhile, although they did decide to keep and wear those sweaters with the orange stripes, have done only slightly better on the slopes than the men. "Nobody counted on the French girls to be as good as they are," said Dennis Agee, one coach of the girls this year. "Most of our girls have more World Cup points than they had at this time last year. But I don't think we have lived up to our potential. We had some injuries, but I don't want to use that as an excuse. In Oberstaufen I was taping five ankles and a thumb at one time." There also is a feeling that American girls are simply overawed—and thus unstrung—by the tremendous team depth and individual brilliance of the French filles. There is good reason for the feeling. Last week during the slalom at Saint-Gervais, America's perky Kiki Citter, 20, recovered enough from an ankle injury to attack the course with her old dash—and was clocked as the leading racer after her early second run. As she waited breathlessly for the rest of the field to complete its run, she murmured, "I don't have to win. But I would like to win. I would like to win." Well, Kiki did win—her first of the season—but behind her in a lineup covering the next six consecutive places there followed shiny young ladies from the French Republic.

"We can't do much in World Cup standings anymore," said Kiki. "We just have to be real good at Val Gardena." It is considered quite likely that either Kiki or Judy Nagel or Barbara Cochran—who is fourth in overall World Cup points for women—could win the slalom in Italy. If they do, maybe some of the gloom will lift from the U.S. view of the ski racing season. It could even do more for American spirits than a whole warehouse full of new uniforms.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY STANBURN

Charging but not winning, America's Billy Kidd is suffering a grim season. Like this anonymous racer (inset) who typifies it all

END

NEAT FEET WITH A KENYA BEAT

Africa's lightfoot miler Kip Keino went tap-tap-tap on Philly's tight, tortuous track as Marty Liquori and other rivals were going thump-thump-thump—and won in the remarkably good time of 4:00.5 **by PAT PUTNAM**

If you will recall last week's opening chapter, those traveling Kenya cops, Chief Inspector Kipeboge Keino and his faithful corporal, Naftali Bon, were subdued in a series of misadventures in Los Angeles. Keino had been a 10th of a second too slow in the mile: Bon had been well beaten in the 1,000. But no matter. There is an old Kenyan proverb that says that if you lose one footrace in L.A., there is always another to be run in Philadelphia. And so, after a quick trip to Disneyland and another to Hollywood to meet Raymond Burr, the pair packed their suitcases, said so long to smog and headed East for last Saturday night's Philadelphia Track Classic.

For Keino it would be a duel in the mile with Marty Liquori, America's top middle-distance runner now that Jim Ryan is taking a sabbatical, and a chance to buy a pair of semi-mod brown slacks. The Olympic 1,500-meter champion wanted bell-bottoms, but Ash Jeneby, the 240-pound Kenya deputy sports officer, told him to forget it. "He wanted to be Kenya's first hippie," said Jeneby, shaking his head. For Bon it would be another go at the terrors of running indoors, and Jeneby was wondering how to tell him the track in Philadelphia was even more difficult than the one that had panicked him in Los Angeles.

"You see," Jeneby finally said on Thursday afternoon, "the track here is 12 laps to the mile." Bon cocked his head in puzzlement. "Well, the one in Los Angeles was 11 laps to the mile," Jeneby continued. "That means that the track here is shorter, the turns are tighter, the banks are higher." Bon did not look at all happy.

Keino looked at Bon and laughed. "Don't worry," Keino said. "Tomorrow we'll go out and practice on the track. There's nothing to worry about."

Out at Villanova, Andy O'Reilly, one of Bon's rivals in the half mile, was laugh-

ing, too. "If Bon thinks he had trouble in Los Angeles, wait until he gets on the track here. Those banks will drive him crazy. I ran a 52 quarter the other day and I couldn't hold the turns. Bon will run right off the track."

The Kenyans took their first look at the track Friday afternoon. At first glance it looked like an HO model of the Daytona Speedway. The turns are brutally tight and sharply banked, and Keino was already twice around the track before Bon could bring himself to step on the well-scarred boards. "Come on," shouted Keino, flashing easily into a turn. Bon began a slow trot. "Indoor track is different," said Jeneby. "It's not even the same sport. But it doesn't seem to bother Kip. Listen to his feet. Tap, tap, tap. He runs with such a light touch." Bon came running past. Thump, thump, thump. "Bon does not run with a light touch," said Jeneby.

While Bon was thinking about the track, Liquori was out at Villanova thinking about Keino. Liquori had been scheduled to fly to Columbus, Ohio on Friday night to accept an award, but at the last minute he had been talked out of it by Jumbo Elliott, his coach. Last summer, feeling he wouldn't have much competition in the Classic mile, he had agreed to make the trip; he could fly back Saturday for an easy race.

Liquori didn't find out about having to run against Keino until a few weeks before the race. He cornered Elliott. "Oh," said Jumbo. "I guess I forgot to mention it. Don't worry, you'll kill him."

"Yeah, sure," said Liquori, "and on a track I hate."

"No, no," said Elliott. "You love this track."

"I hate it," said Liquori.

This would only be Liquori's second serious mile in six months; on Jan. 9 he won a 4:05.5 mile in College Park, Md. He was building himself slowly into

shape for this week's Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden. Then the Kenyan appeared. "A distance runner survives by working out consistently over a period of, say, four months, keeping his enthusiasm up, aiming for a certain big race," said Liquori. "Keino's popping up here made me decide whether I wanted to crash and treat this as a big race, or just treat it as another race. If I wanted I could have crashed and been in better shape. But then I would have been through in March. So I decided to treat it as another race. To me it's not who's in the race that matters but the importance of the race you're in."

So it would be just another race?

Liquori laughed. "It will be an important race if I win," he said. "It won't be important if I lose. The chips are against me. I haven't trained that long. So it won't bother me if I lose. If I win it will be a great psychological boost, because I figure Keino is too proud to be over here and not be in good shape. But how do you figure him? No one knows his workouts; no one knows where he lives, what goes on in his mind. He doesn't follow any patterns. He does things on the track you might expect from a kid. You can't understand it. If there is a pattern to him, it is that you know he will lead and you know you can outkick him. And he still doesn't scare me like a Jim Ryan. See, Keino's been beaten. He's been beaten more than once. But, darn, how do you figure him?"

Elliott figured him to be plenty tough. And so on Thursday night he decided Liquori's trip to Ohio had to be short-circuited. He called his prized miler. "Marty, it's snowing out there," he said. "They expect four inches. You better not go." The trip was canceled.

Later someone asked Elliott if he was really that worried about the race. "Yeah," he said. "Marty isn't the best indoor runner. He's not very graceful.

And that Keino has got such a light touch. Such beautiful form."

"All I know," said Liquori, "is that I have to stay within 10 yards of him. If he gets 11 yards in front of me, I'm in real trouble."

Saturday night Bon got the first call. At last he didn't have to face Ralph Doubell, Australia's Olympic champion at 800 meters who had beaten him in Los Angeles. Doubell was running the 1,000 in Albuquerque, where he broke Peter Snell's world record by half a second with a 2:05.5. Bon started last, fought the turns all the way and finished last, a good 40 yards to the rear of Juris Luzins, who won in 1:50.9, the fastest ever on a 12-lap track.

Then came Keino and Liquori, and for once the Kenyan was content to let someone else set the pace—just as long as it wasn't Liquori. For the first quarter Keino was third, seven yards in front of Liquori. Then he moved up to second and he stretched his lead over Liquori to 18 yards, and you know now who was in trouble. At the half Keino made his big move, taking the lead from Joe Lynch of the Santa Monica AA and stretching his margin over Liquori to 30 yards. It was over. Now only the clock was to be beaten. Keino flashed across the finish line in 4:00.6, three full seconds under the meet and Civic Center record—and the second-fastest mile on a 12-lap track. (Ryan holds the record of 3:58.8.)

Phil Banning, a freshman Villanova miler from England, was astonished: "A four-minute mile on this track! He's got to have feet of iron to go around corners like that."

As Keino, grinning broadly, crossed the finish line, a fan standing on the sidelines near the last turn threw his arms into the air. He also threw a wadded-up \$20 into the air. The bill landed in the middle of the track. A second later the fan, realizing his error, landed on the bill and he managed to get back off the track before John Baker of Maryland, who finished second in 4:05.7, went by. Liquori was third in 4:08.9 and more than a little upset. As he walked back down the track, a teen-ager grabbed him from behind and shouted, "You only did a 4.08. What were you doing out there?" Liquori, who had been looking at the floor, blindly pushed the teen-ager away, then, growling, turned and

Winner Keino roared a cramped Philadelphia turn on way to easy victory over Liquori.

started to unload a punch. He stopped just in time. The teen-ager was his brother Steve.

"It was a nice relaxed race," said Keino later, as he found himself the center of a swirl of autograph-seekers. "I never did know where Liquori was in the race. I just knew he was behind me. The race went as I planned." He laughed. "At the end he was still behind me." Keino was named the meet's outstanding performer, which is a nice going-home present, he left for Kenya on Monday. Bon, knowing he didn't have to face those indoor turns anymore, looked almost as happy.

After the race Liquori found seclusion in an equipment room and began to pace his anger away. In the pocket of his sweat shirt was a chocolate bar. He usually eats one an hour before a race for energy. This time he decided to wait until after the race. He left the candy bar alone. He spoke to no one. Finally he left, dodged reporters and went upstairs to Section E to see his parents and his girl. Later, cooled somewhat and managing a tight grin, he came downstairs. He said he had felt great for two laps, then nothing.

"Just nothing. I knew going through the turns that I wasn't running right, that I was in trouble. They ran a 60-second quarter and it was like a 58 to me. There I was. First I'd take one long stride, then one short stride, then one long, then short. Hell, forget it."

"Did you tie up?" someone asked.

"No. I ran just a nice smooth pace. Slow. Sort of boom, boom, boom. He got to me by going out so fast. And then I just never got it going. I sat back there concentrating too much on getting my stride right. Then I fell asleep about everything I never really felt competitive the whole race."

He stood there, a tall, thin, good-looking kid, staring at the floor, thinking about it. Then he said, "Damn it, it's hard to believe how many beatings I've taken in Philadelphia. I hate this town more than W. C. Fields did. And I hate this lousy track."

A teammate, Two-Miler Dick Bierkle, came over and laid a hand on Liquori's shoulder. "Forget it," he said. "You've got to be weird to win in Philly." **END**



**OUT OF
THE OVEN
AND
INTO THE
WINNER'S
CIRCLE**

by **WILLIAM SHOEMAKER**
with **WHITNEY TOWER**



America's premier jockey begins his story with the astonishing details of the luckiest day of his life—his very first. No athlete in history has come close to earning, strictly in sports, what Shoe has, and his account of this bruising career forms an indispensable chapter in the annals of horse racing over two decades

I consider myself a lucky rarity among those who have taken up sports for both pleasure and as a profession. I don't mean that being a jockey hasn't been hard work, because it has. But I've enjoyed the hard work and everything about it. I've ridden a lot of horses—some 23,500 of them—over a period of 21 years. One year, 1953, I rode over 1,600 horses and won 485 races, a record that still stands. I've ridden about 1,000 horses in each of those 21 years, and I've enjoyed every minute of it, which puts me, I suppose, with the minority of people in the world who can get up each morning and honestly say to themselves, "I'm going to be happy doing what I have to do today."

In return for what I have been able to contribute to horse racing, the sport has been good to me. At the age of 38 I live a certain life of luxury, with a wonderful wife and children. Unlike the majority of professional athletes who spend many years in the minor leagues of their sport and often find themselves in slumps that may last months or even years, I somehow have been different from the start. When I got my first riding break, I managed to make it stick. In 21 years my mounts have accounted for a world-record \$41 million plus in purses. My cut of this has been over \$4 million, and I'm told that no athlete—even oddsmen like Dempsey and Tunney, or my own contemporaries like Willie Mays and Arnold Palmer—has come close to earning \$4 million purely through his own athletic accomplishments.

I mention this only through a sense of pride and not at all in a bragging way, because I am proud of my profession as a jockey and I am the first to realize that without lots of luck and assistance along the way it would have been impossible. After all, it is a pretty unlikely situation: a kid from Texas standing 4' 11½" and weighing only 100 pounds, who today finds himself in the position of never having to lift a finger for the rest of his life. But I have no desire to quit. As long as I feel good and

feel that I can perform well, I will probably go on riding.

Considering the number of races I've competed in, I'm lucky I haven't been injured more often. The fall I had at Santa Anita in 1968 was the result of a freak accident, and I'm lucky I suffered nothing more serious than a broken leg. Last year, a few days before I would have ridden Arts and Letters in the Derby, a horse flipped over backward and landed on top of me in the paddock at Hollywood Park, injuring my pelvis and bladder. But I came back sooner than expected and I feel better now than I ever did.

I have achieved most of my ambitions—outside of a few Kentucky Derbies I managed to lose—and along the way I've won 5,855 races. I'm only 177 behind the record held by my boyhood hero, Johnny Longden, and if I can keep on I might get his record and still go another seven or eight years.

Luck plays an important part in everyone's life, but at no time did it serve me better than on my first day on earth. My father was a cotton farmer and he lived in a little town called Fabers, about 30 miles from El Paso. I was born there on Aug. 19, 1931. My father was an average-sized man, about 5' 11" and 180 pounds, my mother was about 5' 3". But I arrived one month prematurely and I weighed only 2½ pounds. I was born at our house, not in a hospital, and the doctor said that I wouldn't live through the night. He just left me on the bed and told my parents, "He's going to die before the night's over. We'll take care of the arrangements tomorrow." Then my grandmother got in the act. She picked me off the bed, put me in a shoe box, turned on the oven and put the shoe box in there with the door part open so the air could get in. And I didn't die.

There was nothing unusual about my early boyhood. My parents separated when I was 3 or 4 and for a while I lived with my grandfather, who managed a cattle and sheep ranch in the little

town of Winters, near Abilene. I went quite a way to school by bus—like everyone else—and did my share of helping out with the chores around the ranch. By the time I was 7 my grandfather was letting me ride a couple of ranch ponies he had on the place. I never did graduate from high school. When I was about 10 I moved to California with my father and went to El Monte High School in a suburb of Los Angeles. Sports had always interested me in school more than studies and, although I wasn't big enough to compete in most games with the other guys, we did have boxing and wrestling teams on which even little guys like myself could participate. I really liked boxing. Before I quit school in the 11th grade I won a Los Angeles boxing championship. It was in the 95-to-105-pound division, and I weighed just 90 pounds. I still have the little pair of golden gloves they gave you.

I never went on with boxing because about this time—I was about 13 or 14—I started becoming interested in horses. There was a girl named Joyce in my class at school and she first put the idea in my head about being a jockey. She was dating a jockey named Wallace Bailey, and she did a lot of talking to me about the races. I used to listen to sports on the radio every night, and suddenly I began to listen to the race results to hear which jockeys had won. The big rider at that time was Longden.

Joyce introduced me to Bailey and she insisted that he help me find a part-time job at the nearby Suez Q. Ranch, which was owned by Thomas Simmons, then the president of Hollywood Park racetrack. I started at the Suez Q. at the age of 14 in 1945. I used to go there every day, before and after school, and from the first day I loved it. I used to get up at 5. They had a little training track and we'd harrow and water it before we got the horses out. Later we cut and haled hay and fed the horses. Looking back on those days, I realize that I was learning the basic fundamentals of horsemanship. It was the greatest thing

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in the world for a young kid to start out that way. If you start in the middle—like hanging around a racetrack waiting for a shot at becoming an exercise boy—you miss most of the fundamentals.

I must have realized subconsciously that I was on my way to becoming a jockey because I found myself ducking away from school more and more. Without my father knowing it, I transferred from El Monse High School to La Puente High School. But I never went there. I would get up and go to the ranch, work all day and come back at night just as if I was coming home from school. My father didn't know about this until a year later when I told him I was moving to the ranch permanently. I stayed about two years and was making \$75 a month and room and board. It doesn't sound like much money, but when you're 16 or 17 years old and you honestly want to do something, you can't worry about how much you're making.

I mean, that's the way I feel about it. I think, for example, that today a lot of American boys are too lazy. Many young kids don't want to do anything. Or they want to know how much money they're going to make before they decide what they're going to do. I don't think they really want to work seriously at anything. I've always believed that anybody with a little ability, a little guts and the desire to apply himself can make it, can make anything he wants to make of himself—and that includes race riding. They might not all be Eddie Arcaras, but they can become riders and darn good ones if they apply themselves. Look at all these riders from Latin America. They start out life as poor as anybody could be. But they have ambition. They begin as stableboys, and they work hard at it in order to become jockeys. They work even harder after that to become stars and earn the chance to come to ride in America. That's what I mean about ambition. Many American boys, at the same age, lack this attitude.

After two years of working at the Suzy Q. Ranch, and nearing my 17th birthday, I figured I had enough of a foundation, that I couldn't go any further at the ranch, and that I was almost ready to ride. I decided on my own to go to the racetrack and see what I could do. Up to this time, despite being around horses for several years, I really knew

nothing about racing. I'd broken yearlings and worked horses for fundamentals, which has nothing to do with speed. I'd never even worked a horse beyond half a mile. Anyway, a boy I had been working with named Bill Roland and I went up to San Francisco. Roland told me he would introduce me to a fellow he knew at the Bay Meadows track. So up we went. Roland said, "I know somebody with Trainer Hurst Philpot, and I'll take you out and see if I can get you a job." I didn't know anybody.

Maybe Hurst Philpot was short of help at the time because he gave me a job as exercise boy. He had the C. S. Howard horses at the time, and it was a pretty good stable. Johnny Adams, now a trainer, did most of the riding for Hurst, and it was John who taught me a great deal during my first days on the racetrack. For example, we worked something like 17 horses every morning, and often I used to work horses in the same set with Adams. Not only was it a big thrill for me, but I learned a lot about pace from John. Naturally you're going to watch a fellow like this because he was already an established rider and a good one. He had great hands on a horse. Today I have a reputation for having good hands with horses. Some of the credit should go to Adams. I watched what he did with his hands every morning and every afternoon at the races.

Philpot took me that year to Hollywood Park and it was there that I more or less decided that I was going to quit and catch on somewhere else. Hurst may have some other explanation for it now but the real reason I think I wanted out was because I didn't think he was going to give me a chance to ride. He had two other boys and he thought they were going to make riders sooner than I was. It was clear to me that both these boys were coming up in front of me, and that I wasn't going to get the chance I thought I deserved, so I quit. It was at Del Mar that I met Trainer George Reeves. He needed a boy at the time and we hooked up.

Reeves, who died eight years ago, was trainer at the time for Mr. and Mrs. Archie Sneed. He helped me more than anybody else in those days. He gave me the best shot and helped make a rider out of me. Once he started with me he rode me on everything he had in the barn.

And I got beat many a time—a nose, a neck, you know—when I should never have gotten beat. He just said to me, "Don't worry about it. We got a race next week, same horse, and you'll win next out." George Reeves gave me solid teaching and encouragement. Many a jock's agent would come to him, knowing that he was going to ride me, and say to George, "Why don't you put my jock on this horse? The Shoemaker kid you're riding doesn't know how to ride yet. Maybe someday he will, but right now he's losing a lot of races for you." Reeves had a standard answer for all of them: "He's my jock," George would say, "and I'm going to stick with him." And he did, too.

I had about three years' experience working around horses before I rode my first race. It was March 19, 1949, at Golden Gate Fields near San Francisco, and, naturally, it was for Reeves. The horse was called Wasahachie. Strangely, or maybe it isn't so strange at that, I wasn't overly tense or scared. I felt I'd had a good foundation up to that point, and I really believed I was ready for the next stage of my career. This was a 4-year-old filly I'd been out on practically every day, a good-natured mare that he really put in this race just for me. I'm not even sure where she finished. I know it was in the mud and slop and I think she was fifth. A lot of beginning jocks have difficulty at first with goggles, and I was no exception. I'll never forget this part of that first race: they told me to wear two pairs of goggles, and I didn't. I forgot, I guess, because I was a little excited. The mare didn't have much early speed, and even before we'd gone an eighth of a mile in the slop I couldn't see where the hell I was going. I pulled down the dirty goggles and, of course, having forgotten to put on a second pair, my eyes got full of mud. I don't think I saw any part of that race other than the first sixteenth of a mile. But the old mare had raced a lot and just kind of took me around the racetrack.

A few days later I rode for another trainer and did nothing, and then Reeves put me on a filly called Shafter V, who had won her previous race. It was the third race of my life and my first winner, April 20, 1949. It was a claiming

race for around \$3,000. When the stewards saw that George had named me on this filly, who had won her last start under another rider, they called him in and said, "You sure you want to put this boy on this filly? She should be the 4-to-5 favorite in this race and he hasn't had much experience. We don't want any trouble." Well, George, as usual, stood up for me, and he told the stewards that I was all right. The stewards hemmed and hawed around a while and finally they decided to let me go. Because I was an unknown apprentice boy, the filly went off at about 9 to 1, instead of 4 to 5. She lay second most of the way and then I got her up to win. Everyone was very happy, but for different reasons. All the fellows at the stable bet on her, you know, and the way they looked at it they all got 9 to 1 on a 4-to-5 shot. And I was happy, naturally. I'll never forget that when I jumped off the filly in the winner's circle my knees buckled, I could hardly walk back to the jocks' room.

During the next week I think I won about seven or eight more races, and I've kept right on rolling from there. I kept my apprentice allowance for a year, starting that April, and riding all the time on the major circuit, I got off to a hell of a start by winning 219 races.

In my first year Reeves introduced me to a close friend, a jock's agent named Harry Silbert. Even before I had my first ride George had brought Silbert around. Silbert was no apprentice agent. He had once had the book for Cal Rainey, now a steward in New York, and also for Sammy Renick, now a New York television sportscaster. He has always had the reputation of being a hard-working guy. He doesn't worry about who he's going to bet on in the next race. He sticks to his business, which is getting his rider the best possible mounts. Well, George brought Silbert around and said to him, "Harry, when the kid starts riding I want you to have his hook." Harry looked at me and at George and said, "O.K." and he left. In all the years since that meeting, all that Harry Silbert and I have had, in place of any formal contract, is one original handshake. Sure, we discuss things all the time, but we've never had any serious arguments. Even now, although I have certain close associations with some own-

ers and trainers, my riding commitments are usually up to Harry. He has complete charge of my mounts in the overnight races. As for the stake races, we usually sit down and talk about them. If we don't have time, and I think it's a good idea, I'll accept a certain mount, and he can do the same thing for me. One year I wanted to switch Derby mounts at the last minute and Harry told me I couldn't break his commitment. I had to go along with him—and won. My Kentucky Derby rides haven't always turned out that successfully!

During the early part of my riding career there was widespread comment that I was either too bashful to talk to anyone or that I simply didn't want to communicate with anyone. I was never very close to other riders, and when the reporters drew pretty much of a blank when they talked to me after a stakes race I got tagged with the name of "Silent Shoc." The truth of the matter is that I was very self-conscious about my teeth. I was born with a mouth that was almost deformed, and I had such terrible-looking teeth that I didn't want to open my mouth too much and get embarrassed by showing them off. Until I got my teeth fixed I was very shy. I had them done two or three times before I was satisfied with the results. Another reason I didn't want to talk much those days—not that I'm much of a chatterbox now—is that I didn't want to appear to be a wise guy. I really didn't know too much about racing yet.

Even when I was in the same jocks' room with my hero, Johnny Longden, I could never bring myself to go over and talk to him or ask him for advice. I think I never had a close friend among the riders until I met Eddie Arcaro, and he changed my life like nobody before him or since. Eddie was riding at Santa Anita in 1950. I used to go regularly to the film-patrol movies that were shown to the jocks by Alfred Shelhamer, a great student of the movies and a teacher to all of us. I remember watching Arcaro's every move. I marveled at the way he left the gate, how smooth he was with his hands, the faultless hand finish. When he was finishing with a horse he was always *with* the horse, always in perfect motion with his horse, and he could whip a horse either side as hard as anybody. He could rate a horse bet-

ter than anyone and was at his very best when the competition was toughest and the stakes highest. He is the greatest rider I've ever seen.

Eddie took the time and trouble to help bring me out of my shell. When I first came to ride in New York he took me around to different places, introduced me to nice people and boosted me everywhere. I'll never forget it. I don't know if I would be as kind as he was. I like to think that under the same circumstances I would be. But the point is that Eddie Arcaro did it.

Arcaro, of course, is not the only jockey I admired. There were others, like Johnny Gilbert and Jackie Westrepe. And, naturally, there has never ever been a better competitor than Johnny Longden. He simply never gave up. He made you fight like hell at all times to beat him. Of the top riders today, I think that Manuel Ycaza, despite some problems with his temperament, has excellent riding style. The standout, however, is Braulio Baeza. He has the perfect temperament.

People do a lot of comparing of styles these days, and I don't think it's all that important. Most good riders, because of the differences in their physical makeup, have styles of their own. Arcaro had great influence on the style of riding in this country for 25 years. Now that he isn't riding anymore you can see the change from his smoothness, blended with perfect timing, to the so-called Panamanian style. These boys sit and ride differently. But this isn't a criticism, for their styles have proved successful. It's like golfers, you know. Take Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus. They don't swing the same, because they've had to adjust their swings to their individual physiques. But they get the same results.

That's how it is with jockeys. Take Baeza and myself. He is a tall, thin fellow and he doesn't ride as "short" as most jocks. He bends way over, takes a very short hold of his horse, maybe a foot or so from the ears. He's very successful at it and makes it work. I'm short and stocky. I ride shorter than he does and I'm sitting back farther on the horse than he is. I ride with a long hold on the reins, and I've been very successful with that style. Baeza and the other Latin Americans sit up on a horse's neck, closer to the horse's head than most of

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us do. They don't use too much whip, either. You'll notice that a lot of them do it with their whips down, just kind of brush at their horses. Furthermore, they have started a trend in that, unlike our boys, their knees are out from the horse instead of grapping the withers. Their feet are in the stirrups all right, but they hold their legs open, not touching the straps. I don't know why they do this, but if it works, why not?

As for myself, it has been said that I sit a horse extremely *still* compared with most jocks, that I don't continually act "busy" on a horse the way a rider like Bill Hartack and some others do. The point is that even if I don't look like I'm doing much, in my own way I really am. I mean, I'm asking the horse to run—maybe in a different way, through use of my hands—and getting results. A lot of trainers have said that I am so relaxed that I transmit this easiness to the horse, and that it's the relaxed horse who will show his true form and put out his best effort.

All this is to say that there can be no such thing as a "correct" or "best" race-riding style. Most of the leading French jockeys I saw on my only trip to Paris a few years ago ride their horses beautifully, but you couldn't possibly say that they look like we do on our mounts. Just the same, their time is good when they make their moves, and the only area in which I think we may be ahead of them is with our strong finishes. Without intending to hurt any feelings, I don't believe that the English are as good riders as the French. What it boils down to is that successful race riding is the result of the right combination of natural ability, a sense of horsemanship and the determination to develop these assets over a period of years. I firmly believe it takes about 10 years of riding to learn your profession well.

It goes without saying that trainers can help any jockey tremendously. You can learn a lot, obviously, about any horse and his peculiarities by warming him up before a race, but a good trainer is the man who can tell you the right dope about his horses and how they like to run. Bad trainers, or those who often don't seem to know which end oats, will tell you one thing, and the horse is completely the opposite once you get going. Sometimes this isn't as much the trainer's fault as it is the fault

of a jock who refuses to come back from a race and tell his trainer the truth about the horse in question. I've heard jocks tell trainers stories about their horses that are completely untrue, and a lot of trainers will swallow it. The best thing you can do is tell the truth, no matter what it is. It may hurt a bit sometimes, but I think in the long run the guy is going to be better off if he knows the truth. Like, for example, once I was on a horse that choked up during the race and made all sorts of gurgly sounds. I thought he had swallowed his tongue, so I suggested to the man that he use a tongue strap the next time out. He did, and the horse came back and won three races in a row. Or I might tell a man that his horse should improve with blinkers if it would keep his mind on running. Little things like that have helped trainers who wouldn't know about them unless you came forward and told them.

I have a great deal of respect for many trainers in this sport, but the one at the top of my list is Frank Whiteley, who used to train Tom Rolfe for Ambassador Raymond Gueist and who trained Damascus for Mrs. Thomas Bancroft. Frank knows his horses as well or better than any trainer I've ever been around. As everyone knows, I've been closely associated for many years with the team of Rex Ellsworth and Mesh Tenney. We were very close at one point, and still are, as far as that goes. Rex has his own ideas about breaking horses and training them, and he doesn't particularly care if anybody else agrees with him or not. I think that Rex and Mesh are good horsemen. After all, they have gotten results over the years with their methods. They are Rex's horses. He raises them and pays for them, so he can do whatever he wants with them. And yet I don't completely agree with some of his ideas. For instance, I think Rex overdoes it by being too rough on his young horses. The result, from my own experience, is that they often tend to get rank and skittish when they shouldn't and that it becomes more difficult later on to teach them how to run a smooth race.

There are a lot of trainers along the way, long after Hurst Philpot and George Reeves, who have helped and influenced me, and I couldn't begin to name them all. But a few have left lasting impressions on me, and one of the earliest,

when I first went to New York in 1951, was Preston Burch, then the trainer for Brookmade Stable and the father of Elliott Burch. Mr. Burch was a superior horseman and one of the finest men I've ever worked for. I was really kind of like a little country boy when I went to New York to ride for the first time. Mr. Burch helped me when I'd make a mistake and he'd be very kind about what he said. Once, I remember, I was on a little black colt of his and he said, "Try to lay up second or third if you can. He hasn't had a race in quite a while and he may not be quite as fit as he should be, so save him as much as you can." Well, in the race I moved to the lead just before I got to the quarterpole. The colt hung a little bit right near the finish and just got beat. The next morning Mr. Burch said, "I think you rode a magnificent race. But one little thing that you did might have made the difference and that was that you moved on this horse maybe a sixteenth of a mile sooner than you should have. Outside of that you rode a beautiful race." In other words, he gave it to me, but put it to me in such a way that he made me feel good. It gave me confidence, and I really tried harder and worked as hard as I could for him.

Good trainers like this are a pleasure to be with and to work for. Johnny Nerud is that type of fellow, easy to ride for. In California, Charlie Whittingham is beautiful to ride for because he understands racing, he knows horses, and when you come back and say something to him and explain it to him he knows what you're talking about. One of Charlie's owners, Liz Whitney Tappett, is good, too, that is until she tries training her own horses. As great a gal as she is, I don't think she knows a lot about riding races or training horses. She should leave it all up to Charlie. Unfortunately, she would never agree with me!

Nowadays a lot of the modern breed of trainers don't appear to be either as educated or dedicated horsemen as some of the older group I've just mentioned. It's probably because times and circumstances have changed. Some of these guys, despite their inexperience, may make it. That is, they may become successful at winning races but not by becoming horsemen. They can learn to read a condition book, learn the ins and outs of the claiming business, and some of

them make a pretty good living by running their horses as often as they can and by knowing when to get rid of them or when to claim another one. This isn't developing the thoroughbred in a serious way; it's running a business in hopes of making money. I suppose there's nothing wrong with that, but it ties in with a trend in American racing that I don't particularly admire—the trend that sees us going more commercial and less sporting year after year.

One aspect of this exploitation is that because of the emphasis put on making money in the fastest possible way, we are overracing and breaking down more of our good horses before they have any chance to achieve any real distinction. You run a 2-year-old 15 times and unless he is an exceptionally strong and durable horse, he has no shot at all. It's silly. In connection with this, let me go back for a moment to Rex Ellsworth and his trainer, Mesh Tenney. Some time ago, when they were asked to discuss some of my riding skills, they were most complimentary in mentioning such assets as my sense of pace and my hands. However, when asked if he could detect any weakness in my makeup, Tenney

replied, "If Shoemaker has a weakness it's at short distances, the violent distances. It's not in his nature to fight and scrap and struggle. Bill bothers a horse less than any other jockey. He does it with smooth, effortless grace, not a desperate, staggering shift or a lunge that totally destroys the coordination and rhythm of the animal." Well, I can tell you that Mesh's appraisal of my short-distance rides is absolutely correct, and that the reason is that I don't believe in the real short races anyway. Racing experience for a young horse is one thing, but those three-eighths of a mile "baby races" are mostly useless. I'm against those races. Five-eighths of a mile for a 2-year-old is the proper distance for acquiring experience. Anything less than that is of little benefit to the horse. I don't like to ride those races and therefore, as Mesh points out, I probably don't perform in them as well as I should—or as well as some people expect me to.

Trouble is, when you get to the position I am fortunately in, some people always expect you to be the best, which isn't quite the same thing as doing your best. Nobody, and I don't give a damn

who he is or what sport we're talking about, can be at his peak all the time. When you ride six, seven or eight races a day for five or six days a week, it isn't that you're disinterested, but it's a plain fact that you haven't the interest that you obviously have in the big, important races. An athlete's makeup is such that it is physically and emotionally impossible to perform in every race as you are capable of performing in certain races. For example, particularly in California, I'm on a lot of false favorites, horses who go off odds-on choices when on form they probably shouldn't be any better than 4 or 5 to 1. You get beat and you get hoed. But after a while it goes in one ear and out the other. The fans have their rights, and it's a natural reaction to let off steam. I'm pretty accustomed to the booing, for to me the important thing is that I know I do the best I can.

NEXT WEEK

Shoe reveals the surprising background to his famous Derby ride on Gallant Fox and his one unfulfilled ambition.



WITH HIS FIRST AND CLOSEST FRIEND AMONG RIDERS, EDDIE ARCARO, SHOEMAKER RELAXES BETWEEN MOUNTS IN 1934

'Mother' Was a Home at Sea



Looking at a map of Florida and the islands to the east, a fisherman feels that he can reach out and touch the sandy spits of the Bahamas from the shores of the mainland. Artist Tom Allen and his Florida fishing companions had always considered the reach too short and had taken all their trips farther afield. But last summer they decided to drop a line in their own backyard, and they chose the Curly Cut Cays off the southern tip of Andros Island. An armada of five boats set forth on the two-week jaunt, camping five adults and four brand-new high school graduates. A 50-foot twin diesel, appropriately named Mother, was their home at sea. She carried provisions and fuel for herself and the outboard motors of four 22-foot Aquasports. In the Curly Cuts the group found excellent reef fishing and trolling in the deep water, and the flats among the keys surged with bonefish, not enormous as bonefish go, but after fighting them on spinning tackle using four-pound line for an afternoon everyone was glad to head home to Mother.

W ash waved from Mother's outriggers in the sun; at evening outboards and the children came home.





SOUTH ANDROS WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GROCERY DRY GOOD HARDWARE RUM WINE BEER



Thomas B. Allen

On the trip down we made our last refueling stop at Deiggs Hill. It was not much of a hill, and there was not much to buy at the Hatchet Creek Shopping Center, but there was a rickety jukebox on the dock that took us back to the '50s.





Thomas B. Allen



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They won—and he scored the winning run below. You couldn't be prouder. Now you can relax with an unforgettable cigar—the mild-tasting A&C Grenadier. You get real flavor from the Grenadier because it has A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos. And real flavor is the reason so many men are buying so many A&C's. So get behind an A&C Grenadier. Available in light or dark wrapper, it's shown full size on the left. Or try a Panetela, a Tonty or one of nine other A&C shapes and sizes.



Antonio y Cleopatra

Look on box, you're ahead behind an A&C



Even on squally days bonefish were numerous. The most productive spots were found near the mouths of creeks in the mangrove islands.

GOLFING'S PRO OF 52ND STREET

Question: After a four-year tournament dry spell, during which he stands, in his words, '0 for 80,' why doesn't dapper Dave Marr just quit golf? Answer: He can't quit, he's a celebrity by **DAN JENKINS**



On one of those dazzling Manhattan nights that a visitor from Minerva, Ohio might classify as being heavy on the celebs, Dave Marr, a well-groomed survivor from the robot life of the professional golf tour, stepped into one of his favorite 52nd Street restaurants and began moving through the glitter like, let us say, Sandy Primmtime.

It was a tired room, filled with those ever-present clusters of familiar midtown drinkers: Giant fans, Jet fans, Met fans, high handicappers from Winged Foot, broadcast immortals, ex-athletes, magazine folk, network worriers—people who pass for celebrities when there isn't a real heavyweight around. Suddenly the room seemed refreshed.

Tanned and beaming, resplendent in his double-breasted blue blazer, trim and handsome, all Guccied and Dunhilled, Marr arrived, his hand shooting out in varying directions as he worked casually toward a table in the rear. All around there were happy blurs of worship: "Hi, Dave," "Hey, pro," "Put it in the champ." And all around there were friendly, cheerful needles: "Missed the cut, right?" "Got arrested for impersonating a golfer, right?"

Marr grinned and pushed along, accepting a drink, lighting a cigarette, shaking hands. Laughter trailed him, for he, too, was dropping lines.

"Hey," he said to Mike Manuche, the proprietor. "Did you read where Arnold's been talking about running for governor of Pennsylvania? Man, I think 'hat hip injury must be movin' up to his head."

By the time he reached his table he had enough pals around to play a good game of half-court. The table expanded like a bar at 5:42 p.m. All sorts of people had been in lately and asked about him, Marr was told, Alex Webster, the Giants coach, Frank Gifford, Bing Crosby, Bob Newhart, Tucker Fredericksen, Don Meredith, Paul Hornung.

"A great thing about my line of work," Marr said to a friend, "I'm 0 for 80, but nobody's singing *Goodbye, Durey*."

And so Dave Marr was at home, holding another séance in sport, being his charming, likable, entertaining self, getting on the outside of his share of cocktails, being, for whatever it may be worth, the pro of 52nd Street. Later on, when

he would move to other bistros in the big city, his city now—to Toots Shor's, no doubt, perhaps to "21," the Unicorn, Mister Laffs—a hearty band would follow and others would be collected. The end would finally come in the early morning. It would be signaled mercifully by the arrival in front of him of that salvation of Western man, the bacon cheeseburger, in the back room at P. J. Clarke's. All of the golf tour's problems would be thrashed out, the future success of the New York Giants assured, the city saved, the wars ended, the new books discussed, the world's oxygen preserved, the pollution problem solved.

The point is, Dave Marr would have done it again: just been alive and around, laughing a lot, knowing everybody, being known, reveling in the fact that although he is just little David Francis Marr Jr. from Larchmont out of Heston by way of Claude Harmon and golf shop flunky—just another of those steady, faceless guys on the PGA tour—he could move through the big town like the emcee of a talk show, as Arnold Palmer should.

On such nights as these, had Marr proved only that he can drink and go back to the Hartford Open and hit five-irons? That he can stay up later than Joe Namath? That he knows more people than Paul Hornung? That he is the check-grabbing champion of the fashionable East Side? Maybe. But, then, maybe he was only having a good time with friends, people who constitute much of his real wealth. He is not just another pro exempt from qualifying, and he knows it. After all, what other pro wears Guccis and leaves you laughing?

Dave Marr would go back to the grind of the tour to finish 23rd, of course, to miss the cut, perhaps, to not win another tournament, to become one of those hundred or so players out there who hit very good shots but who are not Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus. But he would go back and make the stylish living that provides nicely for his attractive and entertaining wife, Susan, and the three children, Elizabeth, David and Tony. He would play well enough—and often enough—to keep the house in Larchmont and the summer house on Long Island, to pay for first-class air travel, the best rooms in the best hotels, to be able to "whip out" for bar tabs.

And once in a while, like two weeks ago in Phoenix, Marr would put it to-

gether well enough to pick up a check with somebody else's name at the bottom. Although he hadn't touched a club since the Heritage Classic at Thanksgiving, he shot a 67 in the Phoenix Open's pro-am for third place and \$300 ("Enough," he says, "to mark my ball"), then kept his momentum in the tournament with rounds of 72-69-65-67—273, to tie for fourth and earn \$3,710, one fifth of his total earnings in 1969.

But he knows the way it is. Attention in pro golf is best gained by winning. Even then it can be difficult. Nobody wins more than Nicklaus, but the public says, ho-hum, he should lose even more weight. Palmer did it not just by winning but by fighting a course in his furiously dramatic way. Tony Lema bought champagne all around and did it. Chi Chi Rodriguez danced on the greens and did it. Doug Sanders wore wild clothes and did it. Billy Casper ate buffalo meat and did it. Outside of New York and Houston, Dave Marr hasn't done it, not that way, anyhow, and yet he stands apart from most of the so-called stars in their blue shirts, white caps, gray slacks; their wives, simple and shy in beauty-shop hairdos, their politics, uniformly conservative. Their tastes are dreadfully identical: steak, baked potato, salad with Roquefort. So are their complaints. Palmer's gallery is a pain, Nicklaus plays too slow, Trevino talks too much, the pins are brutal, the travel is expensive, the caddies are lazy.

With a couple of exceptions—the Masters, for instance—it's the blurry drabness of Holiday Inns and Imperial South Hotels, it's not getting a table in the dining room, contending with flaky kids and grumpy greens and rough like a zoo. The TV crew will cost you two shots at least. If Nicklaus is anywhere near his game, he'll win by six. If he isn't, then it must be Casper's turn again. It isn't Dave Marr's. It never is.

But it beats working, they say. Just make the cut every week and you'll break Byron Nelson's money record of 1945. What does the touring pro do that's so hard? He plays golf six days a week, and not exactly on public courses with a pull cart. He hangs around country clubs with rich guys and takes down \$40,000 if he can't play at all. California in the winter, Florida in the spring, up North all summer. Couple of trips to Europe or the Far East. Some TV stuff. Snappy clothes at cost. A big bag, four

MANHATTAN TOUR: Dave and Susan Marr share a laugh with Toots Shor, an old friend.

continued

dozen pairs of shoes, three dozen new balls every week from the companies, air travel, celebrities, room service. All for playing a game, for God's sake! Let 'em overhaul diesels for a living and see how they like it.

One of the engaging things about Dave Marr is that he understands the paradox of the tour better than his contemporaries. It is good when you reach a certain plateau, he will say. Everybody likes attention, being made to feel important. The money is there. Status is there. But it is also a terrible grind, almost an addiction, that bleeds the brain, puts a strain on the family and keeps the ego bouncing like a basketball.

"Your ego is everything," Marr has admitted. "And if you don't get that pumped up regularly, you can't last."

The pro is an athlete above all else. Play six straight rounds of golf walking and you will see that the pro's legs have to be in decent shape. Stand close to a pro hitting an iron shot and look at the deep, slashing divot he takes and you will see that good golf requires some strength. Whether the player has an easy swing, like Marr, or a gritty one, like Palmer, there is real strength and speed involved at contact.

"There's no doubt that the mental part of the game is the toughest," Marr said. "Trying to keep the dog from coming up in you when you're in shape to win. But, when guys tell me there's nothing physical about the tour, well, man."

The best restorative for the nonwinner is a new venue each week. You're starting all over with renewed faith. There is new hope, new anticipation. You have a whole new set of friends. Different admirers are fawning over you, oblivious that you missed the cut last week.

"You can play real good in a tournament and, even if you don't win it, it'll carry you a week or two," says Marr. "A win, of course, can carry you for weeks or months. And a major championship can carry you a whole year, or longer, depending on what you make out of it. There's a very depressing feeling when the year's over and you no longer hold the title. It's back to what the you done lately. But if you've got the title to work it'll stay with you for a long time."

Dave Marr is the perfect example of the young man who has, of necessity, put everything to work in order to carve out a nifty existence that he had no right

ever to expect. He has nothing spectacular about his game other than a picturesque swing. He has no length, and his putting is absurdly bad. Inside the ropes he has no special charm. He is just another guy in a Jantzen shirt and Foot Joy shoes, slight of build, expressionless, blond, good-looking and usually one or two over on the scoreboard. Ronnie Runner-up, his good pal Frank Gifford calls him, to which Marr says, "Who'll ever forget old No. 15?"

How, then, could this man have become the tour's best-liked, most personable, articulate socializer—golf's major link with television, Hollywood, Broadway and maitre d's throughout the broad plains of America? Why is it always Dave Marr with Paul Hornung at the Palm Bay Club? At Tucker Fredrickson's party after a Giant game? With Arnold Palmer and Don Meredith at John Murchison's cookout in Dallas? Why him?

"Because I live in New York," smiles Marr.

That, of course, is part of it. Back in Houston none of his accomplishments—the PGA Championship in 1965, mainly—would have mattered nearly so much. He would not really still be "Claude's boy," meaning Claude Harmon, the man who gave Marr most of everything: his opportunity to work at Winged Foot and Seminole, to learn the game, his sophistication, his introductions to the big town and his friendships with real millionaires, and not just the pretenders.

"Claude Harmon not only taught me most of what I know about the golf swing, he did something almost as important," says Marr. "Man, he took me out of Argyle socks."

Claude Harmon, noted for his teaching, has had a lot of protégés, but Marr is surely his favorite for at least three reasons. First, Dave did more with less, rising from sweeping out the shop to bon vivant along 52nd Street. Second, he was immensely popular, around both New York and Palm Beach. And, third, Dave stayed in New York, even after making it on the tour, instead of flying to Florida or California or back to Houston, where he gave up a scholarship at 19 and first turned pro.

"Houston, I love it," says Marr. "But that's where I couldn't beat anybody even as an amateur and where the wolf was at the door. All of my old friends on the tour, Mason Rudolph and John-

ny Pott and Tommy Jacobs—we came out together, sort of—think I'm crazy living in the East. They think, hey, man, where do you go fishin'? What do you do for black-eyed peas and ribs?"

Marr talks with a twinkle and a grin, explodes with boyish laughter at a funny line, his or someone else's, and sets himself apart from most of the pros by not taking his game too seriously in conversation. "Always fade the ball," he says. "You can't talk to a hook." To someone who strikes a low shot or tops one: "I didn't think you had enough runway for a minute." Or "I'll take anything in the air that doesn't sting." To a spectator or a marshal or a scorer standing in his way: "Sir, would you mark yourself, please, while I try to get this one up?" After starting a round with a mini-hangover: "If I try to leave the hotel tonight, put out a contract on me." To Arnold Palmer about his wardrobe: "You think Latrobe Dry Goods would make up some of those slacks for me?"

Marr further authored two ad libs in the course of tournament play that have become classics of golfing riposte. Once, it seems, Dave was paired with Jerry Barber in a tournament in Florida, and Barber is never an easy partner. He can be very slow and meticulous, as well as contrary. On a particular hole Barber, after hooking atrociously, quickly looked over at Marr and said, "Your foot moved."

"When I walk," Marr shot back coldly. "I put the first foot here and then the next foot there, and pretty soon I'm moving."

And then there was the day in Augusta, Ga. during the last round of the 1964 Masters when Marr came to the final hole paired with Palmer, who was winning the championship by six strokes.

Marr himself was playing superbly and was, in fact, about to finish in a tie with Nicklaus for second, all of it on the glory of national television. Arnold, a good friend and delighted to see Dave doing so well, glanced over and said, "Anything I can do to help you here?"

"Yeah," grinned Marr. "Make a 12."

A year later Marr helped himself to a small part of the glory that Palmer and a few others had been wallowing in by winning a major championship. With sheer tenacity overcoming his lack of distance and while enjoying a week of unbridled confidence, Marr fought off Nicklaus and Casper

and won the PGA on the big course at Laurel Valley in Pennsylvania. It was sort of the American dream come true and, as befits a cynic, Marr could not fight back a tear.

"All I could think of was that the title was for everybody who had helped me—Claude, Robie Williams, Jackie, all the men at Winged Foot who first put me on the tour," says Marr. "The \$25,000 was for me, and the prestige was what I would spread around New York and see what it could bring."

It brought a good deal more than it would have anywhere else. One little thing he originated then is still paying off. He decided that a corporation or two would like to have 20 of its important clients enjoy a round of golf, a clinic and lunch with a top pro—him. Dave arranges the game and the club. He plays three holes with each group, thereby putting himself into the company of everyone in the course of a full round, and he tells his jokes, and drinks are enjoyed, and all of the friends of Union Carbide or Allied Chemical go home happy.

In golf it is acceptable to put down the PGA Championship as sort of the low-rent member of the Big Four. The Masters and U.S. Open have more prestige and enjoy much broader coverage, and the British Open has the PGA up on the front tees where tradition is concerned. But there is hardly a better title to win for the journeyman pro, mainly because once you are a PGA champion you never have to qualify for another tour event. Never. It also put Marr on the Ryder Cup team that year, on which he helped the U.S. gain another golf victory over Britain.

The PGA is also, quite possibly, the hardest of the four to win because it annually has the toughest field. Everybody is in it, but not everybody has won it. Arnold Palmer hasn't, nor has Billy Casper, Gene Littler, Jimmy Demaret, Cary Middlecoff or Lloyd Mangrum.

Since 1965, Dave Marr has had to be content with such modest successes as teaming up with Tommy Jacobs to win the CBS Golf Classic and tying with Frank Beard for the 36-hole Music City Invitational in Nashville, a gigantic feat for which he received, among other things, a \$500 guitar. But, despite the fact that four years have sped by since he last won a tournament, he remains devoted to the tour. It is partly because the money is so good, partly because he believes he can

still play championship golf, partly the fun and his interest in the game.

The family would be happier if he did. "When we were really kids out there," said Susan Marr, "it was great. But the longer you stay out, the more ding-a-lings you find. Really. There are just too many places, like Palm Springs, that are dingy. They tell me out."

One thing that may help get him away from the ding-a-lings is television, a calling in which he might find a secure future for himself, as his friend Frank Gifford did. A few weeks ago he agreed with ABC-TV to do color commentary at the 12 tournaments they cover this year. It will be one of the few times TV has put an active player to work covering any sport—and, if Marr gets hot on the tour in 1970, ABC viewers may see more of him than they will hear from him.

On this, Marr says, "We all have to face the problems of the future. How good are you? Can you stay up with the big hitters? In my case I can play my best but I might not win if I don't hole everything because Nicklaus can slip it around and outburde me."

Dave Marr suffers the dilemma of all of the nongreats. But he is mostly what the tour is made up of. A man with style, temperament, knowledge and all the shots, but one who rarely wins. But it is not true that as Marr goes so will go the rest. He has a more complete background than most, coming up as an assistant, coming out of a golf family, being exposed to Claude Harmon, Jack Burke, Jimmy Demaret, taking a deep interest in the well-being of the game and worrying about its public relations.

And then again he just might start to win. Wouldn't it be nice to play consistently, he thinks, the way he did in the 1969 Open at Champions in Houston? Shoot 286, close to the top, and pick up the good check every week. Be patient, playing fairways and greens, and let the putts fall where they will. Get your \$70,000 a year in prize money and do another \$40,000 in extras.

"That's fine," said Marr. "But, as Claude has always said, you can't turn it on and off. Only Hogan could do that. You've got to be totally committed, out there working all the time."

What truly keeps someone like Marr out there, whether he knows it or not, can best be told by reciting an incident that happened to him in Houston in



ARNOLD PALMER WOULDN'T TAKE A 12

the summer of 1969, during the U.S. Open. He had played superbly, enjoying one of those pleasurable spurts of his. Completing the first round, he came to the 18th hole needing to hit a four-wood to the green to get his par 4. Standing behind the green was Susan, chatting with Ben Hogan, who was wearing, as Dave later said, "his Marty Fleckman cap."

Marr hit a tremendous shot out of the rough and onto the green, four feet past the flag. The crowd had exploded appreciatively, and after he got his birdie Marr asked Susan

"What'd the Hawk say when I cut it in there for three on 18?"

Susan grinned, "He said it was too much club."

END

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The *London Evening News* recently printed chess problem No. 4,632, contributed by V. Nabokov, and advised readers that the gentleman would be making a similar contribution to the *Sunday Times* later this month. The editor of both chess columns confirmed that V. Nabokov was indeed the author of *Invitation to a Beheading*. "I know he was interested in chess," says C. H. O'D Alexander, "because his novel *The Defense* is about a chess maverick, but the two things are quite different. The problem is an art form, and the game's a struggle." Nabokov himself says his hobby—or "solace," as he calls it—is nothing new. "I have been composing them all the time but not always publishing them. I did publish some in Russian emigrant papers in London and Berlin during the '20s and the '30s—then I found myself busy with more absorbing pastimes, like writing novels. I compose in the bathroom, which is an excellent place for working out chess problems, but I find that too much of this keeps me awake,

so I think I had better reduce the activity a little bit."

"I'll probably get in trouble, but I don't think Penn State is No. 1," said Astronaut **Pete Conrad**, addressing a distinctly partisan crowd in front of the Pennsylvania state capitol in Harrisburg. In an effort to soften the blow he added, "but all you folks out there are No. 1 in spirit." The folks boomed.

◆ **Senator Muskie** went ice fishing in his home state recently, by snowmobile, with his son Steve, a friend and two guides. They took a few pickers and a breakfast's worth of perch, and by the end of the day the Senator had been visited by scores of ice fishermen and snowmobilers, one batch of well-wishers landing a plane on the ice and another arriving by horse-drawn sleigh—about the only old-fashioned note. Instead of hacking his own holes in the ice with a chisel, Muskie had them drilled for him with power augers. He fished from a carpeted

ice shack and at one point was considerably startled to hear a line a guide had set begin buzzing—it had been electrified to sound when a fish struck. "Don't tell me," said Muskie, who is responsible for most of the country's antipollution legislation, "that the ice fishermen are going to home-pollute the Maine environment!"

"Apart from war," says the **Duke of Beaufort** in a forthcoming edition of the British magazine *Queen*, "hunting is the only thing that draws the country together." Oh, quite. The country that slays together stays together.

Dottie Haughton, wife of **Billy Haughton**, the leading harness driver of all time, is a pro football nut. Billy couldn't care less, but Dottie is such a Packer fan that she subscribes to the *Green Bay Press Gazette* and reads it the way other women read *Photoplay*. When the Super Bowl loomed Dottie was determined to be there. She talked Billy into flying from their Pompano Beach, Fla. home to New Orleans, where they arrived some 21 hours before kickoff. "I went straight to bed," says Dottie. "I wanted to be fresh and rested for the game." She was fresh and rested enough when she woke at 6:30 a.m. Sunday, but it was pouring out and the radio predicted not only an 80% chance of rain for the game, but the possibility of a tornado. Dottie panicked. She didn't want to sit in the rain, much less a tornado, and New Orleans, of course, was blacked out. Did Dottie Haughton miss the Super Bowl? No way! She hauled Billy out of bed, took a cab to the airport, flew back to Miami on an E-20 plane, drove the 35 miles home and switched on her TV set. "I was a little peeved," she said afterward, "when I saw that it didn't rain on the game."



Well, at least the Packers weren't playing.

◆ On the theory, perhaps, that two skis are plenty for two skiers, **Brigitte Bardot** hopped aboard those of **Patrick Gilke** for a ponderous downhill run in Maribel, France the other day. For over a year now Brigitte has been going about with the 26-year-old graduate student at the Paris Institute of Political Science and the School of Oriental Studies—she met him in Cannes, and his father, it is reported, subsequently disowned him. Brigitte was also seen juggling at Avon with **Henri Charrière**, whose autobiography *Papillon* is the rage in France, 850,000 copies having been sold since last May. Now 64, Charrière was accused of murder and sent to the penal colony in French Guiana 40 years ago. He escaped to a leper colony, sailed to Maracaibo and lived among the Indians, was recaptured and shipped back to Devil's Island, whence he escaped again on his eighth try, etc., etc. It seems unlikely that his papa would have disowned him for a friendship with B.B.



Jes' li'l ol' country boys

Stephen F. Austin's Lumberjacks, tops among small colleges, may talk country but they play ball like city slickers by PETER CARRY

That "legness" bug is biting some Texans again, and what is making matters worse is that they are being called small. The group, even by Rhode Island standards, is not large, but it is lusty, and it has this thing about the basketball team at Stephen F. Austin State University in Nacogdoches, Texas. The Nacogdochians are pleased enough that their Lumberjacks are recognized as the best small college team in the country, but they figure that SFA is just as good as any of the major college teams in the state. They just could be right.

Since its season began SFA has defeated Eastern New Mexico, the defending NAIA national champs, and Howard Payne, the third-ranked small college, on the way to earning the top spot in the polls. What is just as important to Lumberjack rooters is that their team, which is merely a bunch of country boys dressed out like coaches and basketball players, manhandled Texas and Texas A&M in preseason scrimmages by an average of 28 points. That, the Lumberjacks contend, takes care of the Southwest Conference. Now they would like nothing more than to bring on the state's tough teams, Houston and UTEP. The truth is that SFA might lose, but it would not be embarrassed, not by any 28 points.

Stephen F. Austin can play with anybody, because it has come up with six excellent players, four of them from out-of-the-way places. That is fine with Head Coach Marshall Brown and his assistants, since the populations of their three home towns add up to only 3,000.

James Silas, the 6' 2" sophomore who looks like Oscar Robertson and is one of the best big or small college guards in the country, was raised in Tallulah, La. So was 6' 7" Surry Oliver, who once outscored Elvin Hayes when their high school teams played. Tallulah is part of the same rural subculture that brought Hayes and Willis Reed to the major leagues.

Small college All-America Center George Johnson, a 7-footer, hails from Harleton, Texas, where, he says, "we have right around 500 people." When the Lumberjacks' sharpest shooter, 6' 6" Harvey Huffstetler, came gunning out of Wavahachie High School all these big Texas schools were in there recruiting him along with SFA.

Only Ervin and Marvin Polnick, a pair of 6' 6" mirror images from Houston, grew up in a town with more than 15,000 citizens and, although they have developed into strong rebounders and defensive players, they were the least widely recruited of SFA's top six. The rest were brought in after hot battles with other schools by one of Brown's assistant coaches, Al Barbee. Barbee, from Deweyville, Texas (pop. 1,000), is a quick-talking country slicker who knows the names of all the small towns in Texas and Louisiana because he has been to nearly every one of them. "Sometimes I pass through a place where I don't know anyone," he says. "In those cases I find me a little boy, give him a dollar, set him down in the front seat of my Volkswagen and tell him to point out the best player in town."

It has been money well spent. Since Johnson, Oliver and the Polnicks arrived in 1966, SFA's record has been 85-14. Yet it was not until this season, with Silas moving in as a regular, that the Lumberjacks reached national championship caliber. The ruggedly built guard has added the ball handling and leadership the team needed to go with its scoring and rebounding talents. Silas leads SFA's six double-figure scorers with a 19-point average, but he could be much higher. So far he has attempted only nine field goals a game, and he has made six of them.

Last week, in the 122-89 rout of Tarleton (Texas) State that ran SFA's record to 15-0, Silas gave a glimpse of what

could happen whenever he decides to break loose. Annoyed by a debatable offensive foul called against him in the second half, he hit two consecutive long jump shots, set up a fast-break layup by Marvin Polnick with a daring cross-court bounce pass thrown on the run and then immediately hit another jumper. A moment later he came out of the game with 21 points but left the crowd with the feeling it could have been 50 or 60 if he had not restricted himself to 11 shots.

Nacogdoches began as high old Texas style, surviving under eight different flags in the stormy 1800s, but it and SFA stagnated from the 1920s to 1960. In 1945 the school almost closed for lack of students and funds. Then Stephen F. Austin went into the familiar instant university cycle, growing from a 2,000-student teachers college to an 8,000-student university, and the East Texas city grew with it, almost doubling its size to 28,076.

The explosion has choked the school's 3,200-seat gym. With a local bank vice-president calling the play-by-play and faculty members operating the cameras, the games are televised over the Nacogdoches cable TV hookup, usually supplanting, to the anguished outcries of only a few, either *Laugh-In* or Andy Williams.

Nacogdochians are proud of their friendliness, a quality that is noticeably lacking once the gym doors are closed and the game is on. The Lumberjacks have won 39 straight games there and have six more scheduled this year. A fellow would have to be mad to take seriously the invitation of Arlie Duff, Stephen F. Austin's most famous alumnus. He wrote the country hit, *You'd Come* (to see us now and then).

THE WEEK

MIDWEST Houston scheduled a game with St. Mary's College (Texas) to help its recruiting in the San Antonio area and to lay in a breather between games against supposedly tougher major-college opponents. By the time the Railbirds had finished with the Cougars, Houston's would-be recruits were unimpressed, its players were out of breath and

his record showed its second loss, 76-66. In helping Stephen F. Austin prove the claim that the best Texas basketball is played in the smaller colleges, St. Mary's came from 12 points behind in the first half, as 6'9" Center Doug Williams paced the upset with 24 points and 18 rebounds.

Rapidly improving Drake held the lead in the Missouri Valley Conference with an 86-75 victory over league co-favorite Louisville. Four Bulldog starters scored in double figures, with junior Jeff Halliburton topping the attack with 26 points, 16 of them in the second half.

Before the Colorado-Oklahoma State game in Boulder, Colo., Buffalo Coach Scot Walseth was awarded a plaque as the Big Eight Coach of the Year for last season. "Frankly, I'd rather have it for this year," said Walseth, whose team was the overwhelming choice to repeat as league champion. Walseth had better settle for his past rewards. Colorado saw its 16-game, home-court win streak broken by the Cowboys 65-62 as State, playing its usual tough man-to-man defense, stopped the Bulls' high scoring pair of Jim Creighton and Cliff Meely with simple, single coverage by Paul Maulen and Bob Buck. Creighton and Meely totaled 28 points, while Buck and Mallen each scored 16, to go along with John Robertson's team-leading 19. Meanwhile Big Eight leader Kansas State lost 66-60 to Arkansas in Action, a team of former college players that combines a 26-game tour with a crusade to uplift campus morality.

Baylor scored its most points ever in Southwest Conference play by defeating Arkansas 110-76.

1. HOUSTON (12-2) 2. DRAKE (12-4)

WEST For the 40 miles between El Paso and Las Cruces, Interstate 10 was clogged with traffic last Saturday as several thousand UTEP fans drove to New Mexico State hoping to see an upset. Sadly for the travelers, the day belonged to the Aggies. All those out-of-state visitors helped set a new attendance record (11,227) in State's third house, and the Aggies' big men, Jeff Smith and Sam Lacey, combined for 40 points as their team won 90-77. Smith led the offense by converting 10 of 16 field-goal attempts, while the Aggies' backcourt choked off UTEP's high-scoring Guard Nate Archibald with an energetic zone defense. Archibald scored only three baskets and finished with 13 points.

Utah got ready for its Western Athletic Conference showdown with UTEP this week by defeating Brigham Young 91-81. The victory, which was paced by Mike Newlin's 36 points, increased the Reddies' league record to 4-0, the same as the Maters'.

Washington and Washington State had their own showdown, but it was more like

a bore-down. The sawing act in as the Huskies' zone defense refused to come out after the Cougars' nonpenetrating offense. After a first half during which the pro-Washington crowd amused itself by derisively chanting "pass-pass-pass, dribble-dribble-dribble" at State's unshooting play, the score stood 7-6 in favor of the Huskies. Only by comparison was the action fast and furious in the second period. Both teams scored 30 points, but Washington won on Jay Boyd's two foul shots, with six seconds to play.

Dennis Layton, who transferred to Southern Cal this season from Phoenix College, returned to the Phoenix area with his new team and enjoyed quite a homecoming against Arizona State, firing in 41 points as the Trojans won 108-95.

3. UCLA (14-0) 3. NEW MEXICO ST. (10-1)

MIDEAST Predictably, Kentucky won again in the Southwestern Conference and Louisiana State's Post Maravich gunned again. With five players scoring in double figures, the Wildcats had no trouble defeating LSU 109-56 even while weathering a record-setting 55-point performance by Pistol Pete. He brought his career total to 2,905 points, passing Elvin Hayes, to become the second highest scorer in college history and moving within 68 of the leader, Oscar Robertson. Maravich's total has been accumulated over 65 games, while Hayes needed 93 to register all his points and Robertson played in 88.

Georgia remained a close second to Kentucky in the SEC, with wins of 71-67 over Auburn and 96-84 over Mississippi. Bob Lienhard led the Bulldogs in both games, scoring 21 points and racking 16 rebounds against the Tigers and adding 23 points and 22 rebounds against the Rebels.

The Big Ten's two unbeaten teams, Iowa and Illinois, played no league games, but they had prosperous weeks anyway as the other title contenders, Ohio State and Purdue, were both upset on the road. Early in the season Minnesota Coach Bill Fitch said, "I'll be greatly surprised if Ollie Shannon ever plays basketball again." Shannon, a 6' 2 1/2" New Yorker, was sitting out part of the season with a back injury but during the past weeks he showed signs of recovery. Against OSU he finished his recuperation with 28 points, 22 of them in the second half of the Gophers' 77-76 victory.

Purdue also lost a one-pointer, 66-65, to Northwestern. Prior to the game the Wildcats had the worst defensive record in the league, but against the Bullmackers they could not have been stung. Dale Kelley covered Purdue's Rick Mount, holding him 15 points under his Big Ten average.

Western Kentucky stretched its record to 12-2 and took firm hold on first place in the Ohio Valley Conference with an 85-

75 victory over defending champion Murray State. After the Hilltoppers' Jim McDaniels scored 27 points and Jim Rose added 20 more, Murray Coach Cal Luther sounded ready to concede the championship to Western right now. "They're as tall and talented a team as we've played in two years," he said. "They will certainly be great champions."

Ohio University took over the Mid-American Conference lead by beating Kent State 77-68, while Toledo clipped Bowling Green's undefeated string 82-76. Marquette topped Xavier 82-73.

5. KENTUCKY (14-0) 2. MARQUETTE (12-1)

EAST Penn, usually a tailender in Philadelphia's hotly contested Big Five round robin, guaranteed itself at least a tie for the championship last week by sweeping two intricately rivals. In defeating Temple 68-59 the Quakers nearly disposed a 17-point first-half lead by committing 16 turnovers in the second period. Sophomore Corky Calhoun kept Penn ahead by scoring three free throws and an 18-foot jump shot over a two-minute span late in the final half. Later in their 63-56 overtime victory over St. Joseph's the Quakers missed an opportunity to win in the last minute of regulation time when Guard Steve Bilsky failed on two one-and-one foul-shooting chances. Bilsky redeemed himself by converting two free throws as the overtime which, added to backcourt-mate Dave Wohl's field goal, gave Penn a four-point lead it never relinquished.

Princeton also had trouble with foul shooting and fouls—in losing in overtime to Davidson 71-64. The Tigers could complain that home-town refereeing gave the Wildcats 20 more free throws than they received, but Princeton could blame no one except itself when it missed over half of the 18 foul shots it was awarded. The Tiger sloppiness at the free-throw line opened the way for Davidson's Jerry Kroll. He started the overtime with two long push shots to lay his team's winning tally.

After trailing by 11 points in the first half North Carolina State came back behind Al Hentley's three foul shots in the last 23 seconds to win at Duke 77-76. The victors improved State's record to 13-1.

St. Bonaventure remained unbeaten, with wins of 83-59 over De Paul and 82-69 over Canisius. As usual, Bob Lanier led the Bonnies, with 28 points and 22 rebounds against the Demons and 32 points and 18 rebounds against the Golden Griffins.

Connecticut improved its Yankee Conference record to 5-0, with an 85-79 victory over Vermont. Bob Boyd's 27 points sparked the Huskies.

6. S. CAROLINA (12-1) 2. ST. BONA (12-0)



The MVP trophy that ABA Commissioner Dolph gave Spencer Haywood was two feet taller than the one NBA Commissioner Kennedy gave Willis Reed, but both leagues deserve awards for madness without method

Buy a basketball franchise and join the war

It has long been affirmed that pro basketball—like all pro games—is not really a sport but a business. However, the events of last week suggest that only generously can it still be considered the latter. First at Philadelphia, where the NBA All-Star Game was held, and then at Indianapolis, where the ABA met, it was simply a madness—with the shrill sound of tight money blowing by in the wind. Each succeeding scene at both sites was a nightmare, and all of them called up memories of another setting. It was all like Stanley Kowalski telling the real truth about Blanche to Stella, while off-stage, behind a closed door, Blanche kept singing: "It's a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phoney as it can be. But it wouldn't be make believe."

From behind pro basketball's various closed doors, when the singing would stop, a man would emerge, and an announcement would be made in modified Newspeak. First, the NBA said it was through considering merger with the ABA. "That's stupid," a coach cried out loudly and reflexively to his owner in the hotel lobby when he heard this—and his appraisal covered the subject well. Then the door opened again, and

the NBA said it was going to expand, or explode, with quadruplets. The NBA—the National Basketball Association, it took a big hit at 14, "Everybody's got a franchise now but Colonel Sanders," said Hank Greenwald, the San Francisco TV announcer, and that subject was covered too.

The vote was 12-2 for expansion. Only four votes were needed to prevent it, but in the end—when the NBA kicked up its admission dues half a million to \$3.5 million and denied the potential newcomers reasonable draft rights and television booty—greed became so fashionable that even the New York Knicks reversed their well-publicized stand and stood with the expansionists. Only San Francisco and Los Angeles voted the straight, sane ticket. The new franchise conditions were so oppressive that the man from Portland—who was planning a regional franchise for Oregon—left in a huff that night, and the group from Cleveland decided to reconsider. Two groups from Buffalo and one from Houston were, at last reports, still interested.

Meanwhile, in Indianapolis, another door opened and it was announced that the ABA was going to let prospective

buyers into its lair for \$15 million a shot (The area code for Portland is 503; Cleveland is 216.) The ABA's new commissioner, Jack Dolph, speaking with the grim zest of Teddy Roosevelt before San Juan Hill, declared: "The war is on!"

In yet another part of the forest, the ABA All-Star players, at least about to enjoy network TV exposure, banded together behind a young Denver lawyer named Arlan T. Preblud and threatened not to play the game unless their incipient players' organization was instantly recognized by Dolph and his owners. After dashing back and forth between the players' meeting and his owners several times, Dolph gave a provisional O.K. Later, the players' president, Denver Guard Larry Jones, said that the All-Stars only "considered the possibility" of not going on. In light of the fact that the players did not leave their hotel rooms till 1:12 for a 2:00 tip-off several miles away, it may at least be said that Arlan T. Preblud has studied John Foster Dulles.

The owners in both leagues have apparently restricted themselves to escape reading. The NBA is resisting merger,

continued

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the ABA is revamping Al Davis, and both are seeking to water down their product at a time when only a small minority of teams in either league is breaking even. As recently as last summer the NBA's Chicago Bulls—a near-300 team in the nation's third-largest city—could have been had for \$2 million. The ABA's Los Angeles Stars are yours today for \$1—and that's negotiable.

Pro basketball is indeed a curious beast now. A recent national poll indicates that it ranks third in popularity after the footballs, pro and college. Its TV ratings overwhelm hockey and continue to rise. The NBA's new TV contract with ABC will triple its take to something like \$3 million a year. Readership interest in the sport has grown equally. In New York, at the height of the football season, the Knicks got more newspaper space than the Jets or Giants—perhaps as much as both. And, yet, elsewhere around the country this enthusiasm is not reflected at the box office.

Part of the problem is that the sport is popular on so many levels, whereas amateur hockey, for instance, offers no real competition to the pro game. Another reason is that pro basketball is dominated by black players and viewed by a relatively high proportion of black spectators. This point was at last brought into the open recently in a candid interview with Philadelphia 76er Coach Jack Ramsay by George Knese of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. In response, some members of the Flyers' hockey fan club, promising to bundle themselves up like so many Christmas gifts for the needy, planned to carry the white man's burden all the way to a 76er game. The truth appears to be that some fans treat pro basketball rather like brotherhood—as something to talk about and read about and watch on TV, but not, personally, to get too close to.

So pro basketball booms, but the turnstiles do not reflect it, and the owners feel that the magic answer is expansion fees. The new franchises are supposed to provide walking-around money for the old franchises for the next few months, and what's left over can then go toward outbidding the rival league for Maravich, Lanier *et al.*, to pay veterans commensurately higher salaries and to defend and initiate random lawsuits. Since the NBA is well-established and the ABA well-heeled, this can only escalate the war, and there will be more

expansion next year and the next year and the next year, and soon the only places left in which to put franchises will be Sheboygan, Oshkosh and Tri-Cities. By then the teams will be stocked with AAU age-group kids. It has already reached the point where very few teams of the existing 25 have the kind of players to draw fans away from high school games.

It was, therefore, even more disappointing when the best players did get together last week that the games turned out to be one-sided bores. The NBA game figured to be easy for the East, partially because of injuries to West stars, but the ABA game should have been closer. Not so—the West won by 30 points, leading all the way after the East came out cold. Some players admitted that the lack of warmups—they were negotiating instead—hardly helped.

In its three years, despite blowing a lot of smoke, the ABA has been unsuccessful in signing top college players. It remains far below the NBA in quality of personnel, and a 20-year-old rookie, recently shifted from center to forward, is the best big man in the league. Spencer Haywood won the MVP in the All-Star Game and is likely to win it for the season—as is Willis Reed of the NBA. In general the ABA also has smaller guards and slower forwards.

Few competent observers are in a position to compare the two leagues' personnel accurately, because it is difficult to shuttle regularly between the two worlds. Three men—a former player, a front-office official and a writer—who are qualified in this regard, were polled to name the ABA players who could play as regulars in the NBA. Only eight were named on all three lists: Haywood and Larry Jones of Denver, James Jones of New Orleans, Rick Barry and Warren Armstrong of Washington, Doug Moe of Carolina (despite his atrocious All-Star performance), Donnie Freeman of Miami and Roger Brown of Indiana. The most notable omission is Mel Daniels, last year's MVP, who was left off one list because it was felt he lacked the ability to score from inside.

Because of the 25-foot, three-point circle—which is the best innovation in basketball since the 24-second clock—there is more guard play in the ABA. Also, the 30-second clock, as opposed to the NBA's 24-second limit, leads to the development of more patterns on offense.

New Orleans even uses the old Auburn shuffle. Without the good, big centers, however, ABA teams do not move the ball inside as frequently, and they do not fast-break as readily. But there are many similarities in the two games, and in both leagues a particularly interesting trend continues, as the forwards figure in the scoring totals less and less. Since the backcourt men are shooting better and getting their shots off more quickly, this can only become more pronounced. It has been a slow, almost imperceptible change from the '40s and '50s, when the play went to the big scorers in the corners—Fulks, then Arizin, Schayes, Yardley, Pettit, Twyman and Baylor. Picking a year at random—in 1958, six of the eight NBA teams were led in scoring by a forward. The seven top scorers and nine of the best 15 were forwards. This season, only three of the 14 NBA teams and two of the 11 ABA teams are led by a forward. Only two of the top 16 in the NBA and two of the top 14 in the ABA are cornermen.

The shape of the forwards has changed, too. The prototype today is lean and fast and, in the NBA, only slightly taller than the average guard. "We were like a high school team," Jerry West said of the NBA West's All-Stars. "Everybody was the same size." The vogue for bigger and heavier cornermen peaked in 1964 when San Francisco often started 6' 11" Nate Thurmond and 6' 9" Wayne Hightower at the forwards. Dave DeBussche, 6' 6", was being tried out as a guard; now he is considered a big forward.

Next year, assuming the courts permit it, one of the best NBA forwards, Billy Cunningham, and two other former All-Stars, Zelmo Beaty and Dave Bing, will suit up for the game in Greensboro, N. C.—not the one at San Diego. Jerry West has said he will play only one more season. Other NBA superstars are growing old. Wilt, Thurmond and Baylor are hurt. Things can change quickly, as you know if you took Minnesota and gave 13. But the NBA may have an even graver problem—an internal threat. The specter of Lew Alcindor looms larger with each game and, when the evenings grew late in Philadelphia and the singing stopped, there were the first whispers that perhaps by All-Star time next year it would not be a matter of saving the business. It would be a matter of saving the game. **END**

POLLUTED WATER



The destruction of the environment, the erosion of the "quality of life," has become the foremost issue of the day. Making "our peace with nature," said President Nixon in his State of the Union Message last week, is "the great question of the '70s." As public awareness increases and indignation mounts, a torrent of words pours forth concerning the necessities and priorities of our environmental dilemma. But nowhere has the issue been faced as succinctly and provocatively as in the following article, written for the current edition of the quarterly "Foreign Affairs" by the eminent British scientific author and United Nations science adviser, Lord Ritchie-Calder. Though Lord Ritchie-Calder considers some questions that

are normally outside the scope of our editorial interest, he deals with others that certainly are not. And one point is clear: if the matters he discusses are not resolved, there will be no sporting life, no leisure life, no contemplative life—perhaps no life at all. "These [smog, pollution, noise, etc.] are not the great questions that concern world leaders at summit conferences," said the President. But Lord Ritchie-Calder, a convinced internationalist, says this is the utmost issue, that man's last chance (see cover) lies in planned cooperation between nations at the highest level.

In the belief that this article deserves the widest readership, it is reprinted here in full. —THE EDITORS

MORTGAGING THE OLD HOMESTEAD

by LORD RITCHIE-CALDER

Past civilizations are buried in the graveyards of their own mistakes, but as each died of its greed, its carelessness or its effectiveness another took its place. That was because such civilizations took their character from a locality or region. Today ours is a global civilization, it is not bounded by the Tigris and the Euphrates nor even the Hellespont and the Indus, it is the whole world. Its planet has shrunk to a neighborhood round which a man-made satellite can patrol 16 times a day, razing the gravitational fences of Man's family estate. It is a community so interdependent that our mistakes are exaggerated on a world scale.

For the first time in history, Man has the power of veto over the evolution of his own species through a nuclear holocaust. The overkill is enough to wipe out every man, woman and child on earth, together with our fellow lodgers, the animals, the birds and the insects, and to reduce our planet to a radioactive wilderness. Or the Doomsday Machine could be replaced by the Doomsday Bug. By gene manipulation and man-made mutations, it is possible to produce, or generate, a disease against which there would be no natural immunity; by "generate" is meant that even if the perpetrators inoculated themselves protectively, the disease in spreading round the world could assume a virulence of its own and involve them, too. When a British bacteriologist died of the bug he had in-

vented, a distinguished scientist said, "Thank God he didn't sneeze; he could have started a pandemic against which there would have been no immunity."

Modern Man can outboast the Ancients, who in the arrogance of their material achievements built pyramids as the gravestones of their civilizations. We can blast our pyramids into space to orbit through all eternity round a planet which perished by our neglect.

A hundred years ago Claude Bernard, the famous French physiologist, enjoined his colleagues, "True science teaches us to doubt and in ignorance to refrain." What he meant was that the scientist must proceed from one tested foothold to the next (like going into a minefield with a mine detector). Today we are using the biosphere, the living space, as an experimental laboratory. When the mad scientist of fiction blows himself and his laboratory sky-high, that is all right, but when scientists and decision-makers act out of ignorance and pretend that it is knowledge, they are putting the whole world in hazard. Anyway, science at best is not wisdom: it is knowledge, while wisdom is knowledge tempered with judgment. Because of overspecialization, most scientists are disabled from exercising judgments beyond their own sphere.

A classic example was the atomic bomb. It was the Physicists' Bomb. When the device exploded at Alamogordo on July 16, 1945, and made a notch mark in his-

continued

tory from which Man's future would be dated, the safe-breakers had cracked the lock of the nucleus before the locksmiths knew how it worked. (The evidence of this is the billions of dollars which have been spent since 1945 on gargantuan machines to study the fundamental particles, the components of the nucleus; and they still do not know how they interrelate.)

Prime Minister Clement Attlee, who concurred with President Truman's decision to drop the bomb on Hiroshima, later said: "We knew nothing whatever at that time about the genetic effects of an atomic explosion. I knew nothing about fallout and all the rest of what emerged after Hiroshima. As far as I know, President Truman and Winston Churchill knew nothing of those things either, nor did Sir John Anderson, who coordinated research on our side. Whether the scientists directly concerned knew or guessed, I do not know. But if they did, then so far as I am aware, they said nothing of it to those who had to make the decision."

That sounds absurd, since as long before as 1927, Herman J. Muller had been studying the genetic effects of radiation, work for which he was later awarded the Nobel Prize. But it is true that in the whole documentation of the British effort, before it merged in the Manhattan Project, there is only one reference to genetic effects—a Medical Research Council minute which was not connected with the bomb they were intending to make; it concerned the possibility that the Germans might, short of the bomb, produce radioactive isotopes as a form of biological warfare. In the Franck Report,

the most statesmanlike document ever produced by scientists, with its periphrase of the military and political consequences of unilateral use of the bomb (presented to Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson even before the test bomb exploded), no reference is made to the biological effects, although one would have supposed that to have been a very powerful argument. The explanation, of course, was that it was the Physicists' Bomb and military security restricted information and discussion to the bomb-makers, which excluded the biologists.

The same kind of breakdown in interdisciplinary consultation was manifest in the subsequent testing of fission and fusion bombs. Categorical assurances were given that the fallout would be confined to the testing area, but the Japanese fishing boat *Lucky Dragon* was "dusted" well outside the predicted range. Then we got the story of radiostrontium. Radiostrontium is an analog of calcium. Therefore in bone-formation an atom of natural strontium can take the place of calcium and the radioactive version can do likewise. For all practical purposes radiostrontium did not exist in the world before 1945; it is a man-made element. Today every young person, anywhere in the world, whose bones were forming during the massive bomb-testing in the atmosphere, carries this brand mark of the Atomic Age. The radiostrontium in their bones is medically insignificant, but, if the test ban (belated recognition) had not prevented the escalation of atmospheric testing, it might not have been.

Every young person everywhere was affected, and why? Because those responsible for H-bomb testing miscalculated. They assumed that the upthrust of the H-bomb would punch a hole in the stratosphere and that the gaseous radioactivity would dissipate itself. One of those gases was radioactive krypton, which quickly decays into radiostrontium, which is a particulate. The technicians had been wrongly briefed about the nature of the troposphere, the climatic ceiling which would, they maintained, prevent the fallout. But between the equatorial troposphere and the polar troposphere there is a gap, and the radiostrontium came back through this fanlight into the climatic jet streams. It was swept all round the world to come to earth as radioactive rain, to be deposited on food crops and pastures, to be ingested by animals and to get into milk and into babies and children and adolescents whose growing bones were hungry for calcium or its equivalent strontium, in this case radioactive. Incidentally, radiostrontium was known to the biologists before it "hit the headlines." They had found it in the skin burns of animals exposed on the Nevada testing ranges and they knew its sinister nature as a "bone-seeker." But the authorities clapped security on their work, classified it as "Operation Sunshine" and cynically called the units of radiostrontium "Sunshine Units"—an instance not of ignorance but of deliberate noncommunication.

One beneficial effect of the alarm caused by all this has

Gateway to a forbidden land, Hanford's atomic burial grounds.





New York, where, like a smoker, you inhale at your own risk.

been that the atoms industry is, bar none, the safest in the world for those working in it. Precautions, now universal, were built into the code of practice from the beginning. Indeed it can be admitted that the safety margins in health and in working conditions are perhaps excessive in the light of experience, but no one would dare to modify them. There can, however, be accidents in which the public assumes the risk. At Windscale, the British atomic center in Cumberland, a reactor burned out. Radioactive fumes escaped from the stacks in spite of the filters. They drifted over the country. Milk was dumped into the sea because radioactive iodine had covered the dairy pastures.

There is the problem of atomic waste disposal, which persists in the peaceful uses as well as in the making of nuclear explosives. Low energy wastes, carefully monitored, can be safely disposed of. Trash, irradiated metals and laboratory waste can be embedded in concrete and dumped in the ocean deeps—although this practice raises some misgivings. But high-level wastes, some with elements the radioactivity of which can persist for hundreds of thousands of years, present prodigious difficulties. There must be "burial grounds" (or, euphemistically, "farms"), the biggest of which is at Hanford, Wash. The Hanford "farm" encloses a stretch of the Columbia River in a tract covering 575 square miles where no one is allowed to live or to trespass.

There, in the 20th-century Giza, it has cost more, much more, to bury live atoms than it cost to entomb the sand-god kings of Egypt. The capital outlay runs into hundreds of millions of dollars and the maintenance of the U.S. separators is more than \$6 million a year. (Add to that the buried waste of the U.S.S.R., Britain, Canada, France

and China, and one can see what it costs to bury live atoms.) And they are very much alive. At Hanford they are kept in million-gallon carbon-steel tanks. Their radioactive vitality keeps the accompanying acids boiling like a witch's cauldron. A cooling system has to be maintained continuously. The vapors from the self-heating tanks have to be condensed and "scrubbed" (radioactive atoms removed); otherwise a radioactive miasma would escape from the vents. The tanks will not endure as long as the pyramids and certainly not for the hundreds of thousands of years of the long-lived atoms. The acids and the atomic ferments erode the toughest metal, so the tanks have to be periodically decanted. Another method is to entomb them in dissolved salt mines. Another is to embed them in ceramics, lock them up in glass beads. Another is what is known as "hydraulic fraction": a hole is drilled into a shale formation (below the subsoil water); liquid is piped down under pressure and causes the shale to split laterally. Hence the atoms in liquid cement can be injected under enormous pressure and spread into the fissures to set like a radioactive sandwich.

This accumulating waste from fission plants will persist until the promise, still far from fulfilled, of peaceful thermonuclear power comes about. With the multiplication of power reactors, the wastes will increase. It is calculated that by the year 2000, the number of six-ton nuclear "heavies" in transit to "burial grounds" at any given time on the highways of the United States will be well over 3,000 and the amount of radioactive products will be about a billion curies, which is a mighty lot of curies to be ream-ing around a populated country.

The alarming possibilities were well illustrated by the incident at Palomares on the coast of Spain, when there occurred a collision of a refueling aircraft with a U.S. nuclear bomber on "live" mission. The bombs were scattered. There was no explosion, but radioactive materials broke loose and the contaminated beaches and farm soil had to be scooped up and taken to the United States for burial.

Imagine what would have happened if the *Torrey Canyon*, the giant tanker which was wrecked off the Scilly Isles, had been nuclear-powered. Some experts make comforting noises and say that the reactors would have "closed down," but the *Torrey Canyon* was a wreck and the Palomares incident showed what happens when radioactive materials break loose. All those oil-polluted beaches of southwest England and the coasts of Brittany would have had to be scooped up for nuclear burial.

The *Torrey Canyon* is a nightmarish example of progress for its own sake. The bigger the tanker, the cheaper the freightage, which is supposed to be progress. This ship was built at Newport News, Va., in 1959 for the Union Oil Company; it was a giant for the time—810 feet long and 104 feet beam—but, five years later, that was not big enough. She was taken to Japan to be "stretched." The

continued

ship was cut in half amidship and a mid-body section inserted. With a new bow, this made her 974 feet long, and her beam was extended 21 feet. She could carry 850,000 barrels of oil, twice her original capacity.

Built for Union Oil, she was "owned" by the Barracuda Tanker Corporation, the head office of which is a filing cabinet in Hamilton, Bermuda. She was registered under the Liberian flag of convenience and her captain and crew were Italians recruited in Genoa. Just to complicate the international tangle, she was under charter to the British Petroleum Tanker Company to bring 118,000 tons of crude oil from Kuwait to Milford Haven in Wales, via the Cape of Good Hope. Approaching Lands End, the Italian captain was informed that if he did not reach Milford Haven by 11 p.m. Saturday night he would miss high water and would not be able to enter the harbor for another five days, which would have annoyed his employers. He took a shortcut, setting course between Seven Stones rocks and the Scilly Isles, and he finished up on Pollard Rock, in an area where no ship of that size should ever have been.

Her ruptured tanks began to vomit oil and great slicks appeared over the sea in the direction of the Cornish holiday beaches. A Dutch tug made a dash for the stranded ship, gambling on the salvage money. (Where the salvaged ship could have been taken one cannot imagine, since no place would offer harborage to a leaking tanker.) After delays and a death in the futile salvage effort, the British Government moved in with the navy, the air force and, on the beaches, the army. They tried to set fire to the floating oil which, of course, would not volatilize. They covered the slicks with detergents (supplied at a price by the oil companies), and then the bombers moved in to try to cut open the deck and, with incendiaries, to set fire to the remaining oil in the tanks. Finally the ship foundered and divers confirmed that the oil had been effectively consumed.

Nevertheless the result was havoc. All measures had had to be improvised. Twelve thousand tons of detergent went into the sea. Later marine biologists found that the cure had been worse than the complaint. The oil was disastrous for seabirds, but marine organic life was destroyed by the detergents. By arduous physical efforts, with bulldozers and flamethrowers and, again, more detergents, the beaches were cleaned up for the holiday-makers. Northerly winds swept the oil slicks down Channel to the French coast with even more serious consequences, particularly to the valuable shellfish industry. With even bigger tankers being launched, this affair is a portentous warning.

Two years after *Torrey Canyon*, an offshore oil rig erupted in the Santa Barbara Channel. The disaster to wildlife in this area, which has island nature reserves and is on the migratory route of whales, seals and seabirds, was a repetition of the *Torrey Canyon* oil spill. And the operator of the lethal oil rig was Union Oil.

Another piece of stupidity shows how much we are at the mercy of ignorant men pretending to be knowledgeable. During the International Geophysical Year, 1957-58, the Van Allen Belt was discovered. This is an area of magnetic phenomena. Immediately it was decided to explode a nuclear bomb in the belt to see whether an artificial aurora could be produced. The colorful draperies and luminous skirts of the aurora borealis are caused by the drawing in of cosmic particles through the rare gases of the upper atmosphere—ionization it is called; it is like passing electrons through the vacuum tubes of our familiar fluorescent lighting. The name Rainbow Bomb was given it in anticipation of the display it was expected to produce. Every eminent scientist in the field of cosmology, radio astronomy or physics of the atmosphere protested at this irresponsible tampering with a system which we did not understand. And, typical of the casual attitude toward this kind of thing, the Prime Minister of the day, answering protests in the House of Commons that called on him to intervene with the Americans, asked what all the fuss was about. After all, they hadn't known that the Van Allen Belt even existed a year before. This was the cosmic equivalent of Chamberlain's remark about Czechoslovakia, at the time of Munich, about that distant country of which we knew so little. They exploded the bomb. They got their pyrotechnics and we still do not know the cost we may have to pay for this artificial magnetic disturbance.

In the same way we can look with misgivings on those tracks—the white tails of the jets that are introducing into our climatic system new factors, the effects of which are immeasurable. Formation of rain clouds depends upon water vapor having a nucleus on which to form. That is how artificial precipitation is introduced—the so-called rain-making. So the jets, crisscrossing the weather system, playing noughts and crosses with it, can produce a man-made change.

In the longer term we can foresee even more drastic effects from Man's unthinking operations. At the United Nations' Science and Technology Conference in Geneva in 1963 we took stock of the effects of industrialization on our total environment thus far. The atmosphere is not only the air which humans, animals and plants breathe, it is also the envelope that protects living things from harmful radiation from the sun and outer space. It is also the medium of climate, the winds and the rain. Those are inseparable from the hydrosphere—the oceans, covering seven-tenths of the globe, with their currents and extraordinary rates of evaporation; the biosphere, with its trees and their transpiration; and, in terms of human activities, the minerals mined from the lithosphere, the rock crust. Millions of years ago the sun encouraged the growth of the primeval forests, which became our coal, and the plant growth of the seas, which became our oil. Those fossil fuels, locked away for eons of time, are extracted by man

and put back into the atmosphere from the chimney stacks and the exhaust pipes of modern engineering. About six billion tons of carbon are mixed with the atmosphere annually. During the past century, in the process of industrialization, with its release of carbon by the burning of fossil fuels, more than 400 billion tons of carbon have been artificially introduced into the atmosphere. The concentration in the air we breathe has been increased by approximately 10% . . . and if all the known reserves of coal and oil were burned at once the concentration would be 10 times greater.

This is something more than a public health problem, more than a question of what goes into the lungs of an individual, more than a question of smog. The carbon cycle in nature is a self-adjusting mechanism. Carbon dioxide is, of course, indispensable for plants and is, therefore, a source of life, but there is a balance which is maintained by excess carbon being absorbed by the seas. The excess is now taxing this absorption, and it can seriously disturb the heat balance of the earth because of what is known as the "greenhouse effect." A greenhouse lets in the sun's rays but retains the heat. Carbon dioxide, as a transparent diffusion, does likewise. It keeps the heat at the surface of the earth and in excess modifies the climate.

It has been estimated that, at the present rate of increase, the mean annual temperature all over the world might increase by 3.6° centigrade in the next 40 to 50 years. The experts may argue about the time factor and even about the effects, but certain things are apparent, not only in the industrialized northern hemisphere but in the southern hemisphere also. The north-polar ice cap is thinning and shrinking. The seas, with their blanket of carbon dioxide, are changing their temperature, with the result that marine plant life is increasing and is transpiring more carbon dioxide. As a result of the combination, fish are migrating, changing even their latitudes. On land the snow line is retreating and glaciers are melting. In Scandinavia, land which was perennially under snow and ice is thawing, and arrowheads of more than 1,000 years ago, when the black soils were last exposed, have been found. The melting of sea ice will not affect the sea level, because the volume of floating ice is the same as the water it displaces, but the melting of ice caps or glaciers, in which the water is locked up, will introduce additional water to the sea and raise the level. Rivers originating in glaciers and permanent snow fields will increase their flow; and if ice dams, such as those in the Himalayas, break, the results in flooding may be catastrophic. In this process the patterns of rainfall will change, with increased precipitation in some areas and the possibility of aridity in now fertile regions. One would be well advised not to take 99-year leases on properties at present sea level.

At that same conference, there was a sobering reminder of mistakes which can be writ large, from the very best intentions. In the Indus Valley in West Pakistan, the pop-



Pakistan's man-made deserts, irrigation turned the plains to salt.

ulation is increasing at the rate of 10 more mouths to be fed every five minutes. In that same five minutes in that same place, an acre of land is being lost through waterlogging and salinity. This is the largest irrigated region in the world. Twenty-three million acres are artificially watered by canals. The Indus and its tributaries, the Jhelum, the Chenab, the Ravi, the Beas and the Sutlej, created the alluvial plains of the Punjab and the Sind. In the 19th century, the British began a big program of farm development on lands which were fertile but had low rainfall. Barrages and distribution canals were constructed. One thing which, for economy's sake, was not done was to line the canals. In the early days, this genuinely did not matter. The water was being spread from the Indus into a thirsty plain and if it soaked in so much the better. The system also depended on what is called "inland delta drainage," that is to say, the water spreads out like a delta and then drains itself back into the river. After independence, Pakistan, with external aid, started vigorously to extend the Indus irrigation. The experts all said the soil was good and would produce abundantly once it got the distributed water. There were plenty of experts, but they all overlooked one thing—the hydrological imperatives. The incline from Lahore to the Rann of Kutch—700 miles—is a foot a mile, a quite inadequate drainage gradient. So as more and more barrages and more and more lateral canals were built, the water was not draining back into the Indus. Some 40% of the water in the unlined canals seeped underground, and in a network of 40,000 miles of canals that is a lot of water. The result was that the water table rose. Low-lying areas became waterlogged, drowning the roots of the crops. In other areas the water crept upward, leaching salts that accumulated in the surface layers, poisoning the crops. At the same time the irrigation regime, which used just 1½ inches of water a year in the fields, did not sluice out those salts but added, through

continued



The "Torres Canyon," a catastrophe for Britain and Britain.

evaporation, its own salts. The result was tragically spectacular. In flying over large tracts of this area, one would imagine that it was an Arctic landscape because the white crust of salt glistens like snow.

The situation was deteriorating so rapidly that President Ayub appealed in person to President Kennedy, who sent out a high-powered mission which encompassed 20 disciplines. This was backed by the computers at Harvard. The answers were pretty grim. It would take 20 years and \$2 billion to repair the damage—more than it cost to create the installations that did the damage. It would mean using vertical drainage to bring up the water and use it for irrigation, and also to sluice out the salt in the surface soil. If those 20 scientific disciplines had been brought together in the first instance, it would not have happened.

One more instance of the far-flung consequences of Man's localized mistakes, no insecticides or pesticides have ever been allowed into the continent of Antarctica. Yet they have been found in the fauna along the northern coasts. They have come almost certainly from the northern hemisphere, carried from the rivers of the farm states into the currents sweeping south. In November 1969, the U.S. Government decided to "phase out" the use of DDT.

Pollution is a crime compounded of ignorance and violence. The great achievements of *Homo sapiens* become the disaster-ridden blunders of unthinking Man—poisoned rivers and dead lakes, polluted with the effluents of industries which give something called "prosperity" at the expense of poverty. Rivers are treated like sewers and lakes like cesspools. These natural systems—and they are living systems—have struggled hard. The benevolent micro-organisms which cope with reasonable amounts of organic matter have been destroyed by mineral detergents. Witness our foaming streams. Lake Erie did its best to provide the oxygen to neutralize the pickling acids of the

great steelworks. But it could not contend. It lost its oxygen in the battle. Its once rich commercial fishing industry died and its revitalizing micro-organic life gave place to anaerobic organisms which do not need oxygen but give off foul smells, the mortuary smells of dead water. As one fire industrialist retorted, "It's not our effluent; it's those damned dead fish."

We have had the Freedom from Hunger Campaign; presently we shall need a Freedom from Thirst Campaign. If the International Hydrological Decade does not bring us to our senses, we will face a desperate situation. Of course it is bound up with the increasing population, but also with the extravagances of the technologies which claim that they are serving that population. There is a competition between the water needs of the land which has to feed the increasing population and the domestic and industrial needs of that population. The theoretical minimum to sustain living standards is about 300 gallons a day per person. This is the approximate amount of water needed to produce grain for 2½ pounds of bread, but a diet of two pounds of bread and one pound of beef would require about 2,500 gallons. And that is nothing compared with the gluttonous requirements of steel-making, paper-making and the chemical industry.

Water—just H₂O—is as indispensable as food. To die of hunger one needs more than 15 days. To die of thirst one needs only three. Yet we are squandering, polluting and destroying water. In Los Angeles and neighboring Southern California, a thousand times more water is being consumed than is being precipitated in the locality. They have preempted the water of neighboring states. They are piping it from Northern California, and there is a plan to pipe it all the way from Canada's Northwest Territories, from the Mackenzie and the Liard, which flow northward to the Arctic Ocean, to turn them back into deserts.

Always and everywhere we come back to the problem of population—more people to make more mistakes, more people to be the victims of the mistakes of others, more people to suffer hell upon earth. It is appalling to hear people complacently talking about the population explosion as though it belonged to the future, or world hunger as though it were threatening, when hundreds of millions can testify that it is already here—swear it with panting breath.

We know to the exact countdown second when the nuclear explosion took place: 5:30 a.m., July 16, 1945, when the first device went off in the desert of Alamogordo, N. Mex. The fuse of the population explosion had been lit 10 years earlier—February 1935. On that day a girl called Hildegard was dying of generalized septicemia. She had pricked her finger with a sewing needle and the infection had run amok. The doctors could not save her. Her desperate father injected a red dye into her body. Her father was Gerhard Domagk. The red dye was protosil, which he, a pharmaceutical chemist, had produced and had sue-

essfully used on mice lethally infected with streptococci but never before on a human. Prontosil was the first of the sulfa drugs—chemotherapeutics—which could attack the germ within the living body. This was prepared the way for the rediscovery of penicillin—rediscovery because, although Fleming had discovered it in 1928, it had been ignored: neither he nor anybody else had seen its supreme virtue of attacking germs within the living body. That is the operative phrase, for while medical science and the medical profession had used antiseptics for surface wounds and sores, they were always labeled "Poison, not to be taken internally." The sulfa drugs had shown that it was possible to attack specific germs within the living body and had changed this attitude. So when Chain and Florey looked again at Fleming's penicillin in 1938, they were seeing it in the light of the experience of the sulfas.

A new era of disease-fighting had begun—the sulfas, the antibiotics, DDT insecticides. Doctors could now attack a whole range of invisible enemies. They could master the old killer diseases. They proved it during the war, and when the war ended there were not only stockpiles of the drugs, there were tool-up factories to produce them. So, to prevent the spread of the deadly epidemics which follow wars, the supplies were made available to the war-ravaged countries with their displaced persons, and then to the developing countries. Their indigenous infections and contagious and insect-borne diseases were checked.

Almost symbolically, the first great clinical use of prontosil had been in dealing with puerperal sepsis, childbed fever. It had spectacularly saved mothers' lives in Queen Charlotte's Hospital, London. Now its successors took up the story. Fewer mothers died in childbirth, to live and have more babies. Fewer infants died, fewer toddlers, fewer adolescents. They lived to marry and have children. Older people were not killed off by, for instance, malaria. The average life-span increased.



A Sooty Tern confronts environmental change.

Professor Kingsley Davis of the University of California at Berkeley, the authority on urban development, has presented a hair-raising picture from his survey of the world's cities. He has shown that 38% of the world's population is already living in what are defined as urban places. More than one-fifth of the world's population is living in cities of 100,000 or more. And more than one-tenth of the world's population is now living in cities of a million or more inhabitants. In 1968, 375 million people were living in million-and-over cities. The proportions are changing so quickly that on present trends it would take only 16 years for half the world's population to be living in cities and only 55 years for it to reach 100%.

Within the lifetime of a child born today, Kingsley Davis foresees, on present trends of population increase, 15 billion people to be fed and housed—nearly five times as many as now. The whole human species would be living in cities of a million and over inhabitants, and—wait for it!—the biggest city would have 1.3 billion inhabitants. That means 186 times as many as there are in Greater London.

For years the Greek architect Doxiadis has been warning us about such prospects. In his *Eutecropolis*—World City—one urban area would ooze into the next, like confluent ulcers. The East Side of World City would have as its High Street the Eurasian Highway stretching from Glasgow to Bangkok, with the Channel Tunnel as its subway and a built-up area all the way. On the West Side of World City, divided not by the tracks but by the Atlantic, the pattern is already emerging, or rather, merging. Americans already talk about Boswash, the urban development of a built-up area stretching from Boston to Washington, and on the West Coast, apart from Los Angeles sprawling into the desert, the rebarbs are already slurring one city into another all along the Pacific Coast from the Mexican border to San Francisco. We don't need a crystal ball to foresee what Davis and Doxiadis are predicting: we can already see it through smog-covered spectacles. A blind man can smell what is coming.

The danger of prediction is that experts and men of affairs are likely to plan for the predicted trends and confirm these trends. "Prognosis" is something different from "Prediction." An intelligent doctor, having diagnosed your symptoms and examined your condition, does not say (except in novelness), "You have six months to live." An intelligent doctor says, "Frankly, your condition is serious. Unless you do so-and-so, and I do so-and-so, it is bound to deteriorate." The operative phrase is "do so-and-so." We don't have to plan for trends, if they are socially undesirable: our duty is to plan away from them, to treat the symptoms before they become malignant.

We have to do this on the local, the national and the international scale, through intergovernmental action, because there are no frontiers in present-day pollution and destruction of the biosphere. Mankind shares a common habitat. We have mortgageed the old homestead and nature is liable to foreclose.

END



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

BIGHT, SOUND AND FURY

Sirs,

Delving into the personalities of television sportscasters made for a quite amusing story on their not-so-inactive world (*Towering Babe and [Sob] Head*, Jan. 19). We, as Super Spectator, are blind to the man behind the mike. Rather, it is the event that engrosses our minds. However, I must contest Boone Arledge's statement that today's menagerie of announcers lacks controversy or fails to voice a definite opinion. Obviously, he is oblivious of one Howard Cosell. The brio and arrogance of Cosell is unmatched in a profession demeaned by neutrality. Whether accusing Ali or nagging Namath, his feelings are never hidden. And what molds this uniqueness of character is his sarcastic delivery—a trait that marked his sports reporting in the 1960s. Not too many fans find Howard Cosell endearing, yet you've got to respect that tell-it-like-it-is style.

BON PROCHASKA

East Dubuque, Ill.

Sirs,

If old Jack Dolph of CBS really told you that "old Marty was over there shepping our bid" and "spilled" a CBS offer to ABC (*Experiences of Superpro*), Jan. 12), he was confused, blind or out to lunch. Or maybe he just never understood the situation.

In 10 years of television, film and radio negotiations for CBS, and later on behalf of various clients, including the PGA Tournament Players Division, I have never shepped a bid or otherwise broken a confidence. This is a matter of ethics, but it is also a business essential that a network can trust me with an offer for a month or more during long and complex negotiations.

I was seen at ABC by a friend at CBS on a day in 1966 when I had a later CBS meeting scheduled, but CBS' initial offer to buy out the 1967 PGA golf package already had been rejected as too low. Thus no offer was pending when I visited ABC. Executives at CBS know this, the then CBS Sports business director will bear it out and Jack Dolph knows it, too. At the subsequent meeting with CBS they made a further offer, which was also rejected. Only then did I open negotiations with ABC and Sports Network, which later led to the biggest golf television sale in history and the first two-network sports package.

Dolph's memory is foggy on other points. 1) While he may often have "rested his weary eyes" at the office, his office never faced ABC. 2) No "confrontation" with me was "arranged." I simply kept my ap-

pointment with CBS. 3) For the record, Larry Frank's office still faces CBS, and they do not draw the blinds when I am there.

We have all enjoyed laughing about the "I saw you over there" incident, but any bid-shepping allegations are totally unjustified, as all parties concerned know.

MARTIN CARMICHAEL

New York City

KAROLINA HOUSTSHIP

Sirs,

Frank Deford's article on the Carolina Cougars and their regional franchise (*My Babe Is Called the Kahlahnah Koorahs*, Jan. 19) is indeed interesting, and his reference to Virginia as possibly being the area where the next such franchise could be successful is encouraging to all of us local sports-starved pro basketball fans. However, his reference to the new arenas located in Norfolk, Richmond and Roanoke was a direct, though probably unintentional, slap in the face to us Hamptonians.

Hampton has a beautiful, spanking-new 9,000-seat coliseum that officially opens on Jan. 31, although it has been hosting college and high school basketball since early in December. The arenas in the other cities mentioned are far from being completed and, in fact, one of them has consistently fallen behind its construction schedule. How about some credit where credit is due?

N. Woodrow Pusey

Hampton, Va.

Sirs,

I am certain that North Carolinians welcomed Frank Deford's appealing description of "the best basketball state in the country" with the same enthusiasm that greeted his "bubs." Mr. Deford's article concerning the team that has added new dimension to an already exciting panorama of Tar Heel basketball evidences his knowledge of a happily pandemic situation. I only wish he had elaborated further on the creators of our "great sense of pride": North Carolina, Davidson, North Carolina State, Duke and Wake Forest. Also included in this elite group is another Atlantic Coast Conference member, South Carolina.

The Kahlahnah Koorahs have come into our area of basketball tradition. They have fused together the ardent supporters of a number of hardwood dynasties. They have encroached on the top college basketball region in America. And they are welcome.

WILLIAM E. WINGCLOW

Tarboro, N.C.

Sirs:

I found a remark in the article on the Carolina Cougars quite provocative and certainly worthy of some comment. It had to do with the people of North Carolina thinking that there is the best basketball state in the country.

Exactly what is meant by "best basketball state"? I am not sure, but if it means the state that uses scenic campuses and spacious field houses to lure most of the top talent from the New York metropolitan area into attending its colleges, then North Carolina unquestionably deserves this distinction. Last year, as St. John's and Duquesne were defeated by Davidson and North Carolina in the NCAA regional tournament, I heard several derogatory shouts and comments concerning the quality of Northern basketball. If these avid proponents of Carolina basketball would consult the rosters of their favorite teams, they would find that a significant number of the good basketball players at the various institutions in their state come from the New York area. I guess if Carolinians want to go around saying that their colleges recruit the best players it's okay, but I certainly can't imagine anyone beating his breast about the "best basketball state" if he realizes that a place like Newark, N.J. produces better basketball players than a state with a population 10 times as large.

M. LEXIE LYNCH

Jersey City, N.J.

Sirs:

I certainly hope Frank Deford's ego has come back down to earth. While patting his own back so loudly and often, he still came up with his usual well-written and interesting article. However, a little local knowledge might have made it more palatable to some.

There is the matter of describing Bill Currie as an "intellectual rascal." I'll bet his high school teachers (if he ever had any) fell out of their chairs on that one. Any resemblance to The Mouth's broadcasts and the actual games themselves is purely coincidental. Thank heaven he is not a referee. Carolina would need only a half or less to dispatch its opponents, who would either be fouled out or awestruck at the wonderfulness of his impartiality.

RICHARD H. STICKNEY

Raleigh, N.C.

OUTER LIMITS

Sirs:

Re *Go Back to a New Grass Shark* (Jan. 12), you do write da kine about Hawaii. First of all, one does not find Miller High Life (UGHF) beer cans on Waikiki beach; Primo beer cans, yes, but never, never Miller.

Secondly, one living on Oahu does not

go "out" island, are you confusing this with outhouse? One does go outer island.

Third, you did not mention one little word about the island of Kauai, second to Oahu (in touring dollars), first in beauty and the best preserved.

Last and most important: only a mail-shin or tourist would refer to someone from New York as a "new arrival from the States." Shame on you! He was a new arrival from the MAINLAND!

Maybe the sun, fresh air, aloha spirit and relaxing atmosphere (or was it the models?) went to your head. I am one of the many residents who will say, let's keep Hawaii for the Hawaiians and you, bruddah, can stay home.

Mrs. ROBERT GILROY

Honolulu

● O. K., Primo, dat's da kine. Outer island? Visitors Bureau say neighbor island da kine. Stateside? Dat's da kine thing mahihini doc say, not SI.—ED

Sirs:

There is some question in my mind whether a swimsuit fashion layout is pertinent to the content and purposes of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. There is no question in my mind that your lead picture (page 35, Jan. 12) is not.

In my opinion this type of thing promotes your fine magazine in the same way that similar content is prostituting otherwise excellent movies, books, etc. Quite simply, it downgrades the quality of your publication.

I think the editor who approved the inclusion of this picture demonstrates a complete lack of judgment of the type of content that holds and attracts your readers.

R. Q. TICKLE

Hopkins, Minn.

Sirs:

Our heartiest congratulations to SI and Bob Ottum for the refreshing article about exotic Hawaii. Although preoccupied with the pictures, we found the article a relaxing interruption of our otherwise strenuous final week. We know that a great number of critical letters will pour in, so we thought that we would say SI guys are loving the article. Just as sports-minded as any of the SI readers, we are eagerly awaiting the next scandalous issue. Our nominee for Sportsman of the Year is Bob Ottum.

ALPHA KAPPA LAMBDA

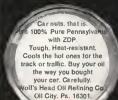
Delta Chapter
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

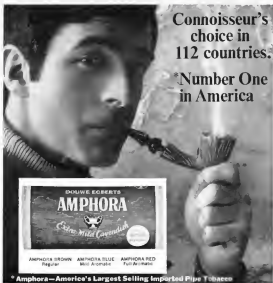
I greatly enjoyed the Hawaiian swimwear article in your Jan. 12 issue, particularly the picture of Ann Peterson on page 41. It

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

is refreshing to see an all-American girl doing some modeling for a change. If you keep it up you may put those skeletons in *Pose* and *McCall's* out of business.

DOUG SCOTAR

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

I was very disturbed by the bathing suit display. I can understand the sports fashion value of the article, but was it necessary to exhibit the fashion trends in such a shockingly suggestive manner?

I, for one, refuse to patronize such an *ACUOS*.

MARSHALL S. FRIED

Cambridge, Mass.

OFFENSE, PAST AND FUTURE

Sirs:

While I was reading your Jan. 19 account of the Super Bowl (*Wlam, Bam, Stram!*), I came upon this quote from Hank Stram: "This game will match the offense of the future against the offense of the past."

Well, Mr. Stram was forgetting that he has a formation called the Model T.

SCOTT MARTINIARU

Minneapolis

Sirs:

The Vikings may have discovered America, but the Chiefs were already here.

JIM WHITEAKER

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

As a longtime subscriber to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* I have been amused and angered but always intrigued by the articles written by Tex Maule. As a staunch Jet fan and advocate of the AFL, I could easily aim some biting and sarcastic remarks at Mr. Maule. Instead I choose to defend him.

Pity poor Tex, for here stands the king's champion whose king has deserted him. We must recognize that Mr. Maule writes with keen insight and complete objectivity. For who else would state, "The pro football championship of the world was rather definitely decided on a mushy field in Cleveland on Dec. 29 when the Baltimore Colts crushed the Browns 34-0" (Jan. 13, 1969)? It was Tex Maule who also wrote of the invincibility of Joe Kapp and The Purple People Eaters (*Merciless Minnesota*, Nov. 3).

AFL fans should not judge Mr. Maule too harshly, for he is not the Oracle from Delphi. Rather, his prognostications are more like those made by the captain of the *Titanic*.

BRIAN WOOT

Whitestone, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.**

How Imperial became America's roomiest luxury car. And why.



A man is understandably proud of the things that please him most.

Size. What inches can mean. We have designed Imperial as the roomiest of the three American luxury cars, based upon the sum of seven critical interior measurements. It may be only a matter of inches or fractions thereof, but important as far as sheer comfort is concerned.

Ride. What Torsion-Quiet means. Among the three U. S. luxury cars, only Imperial has a torsion-bar suspension on every model. Torsion bars, combined with unit-body construction and the Sound Isolation System, give Imperial a Torsion-Quiet Ride. The ideal combination of quietness, stability and control.

Options. An interesting exclusive. Beyond the list of standard equipment, you may choose from many luxury



options. Only Imperial offers a dual heating system which allows you to maintain a separate level of comfort for your rear compartment passengers. A powerful rear-window defroster is included with this special heating system.

Price. Comparison means little. Model for model, the three American luxury cars are similarly priced. But when you consider that the standard LeBaron Four-Door Hardtop comes with a vinyl roof and 50/50 split bench seat, Imperial may well be the best value in the class. It's only a three-car field. Study them all.

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IMPERIAL 

The Chromacolor revolution

Zenith's revolutionary Chromacolor TV system features a patented color picture tube that outcolors, outbrightens, outcontrasts, and outdetails every other giant-screen color picture tube.

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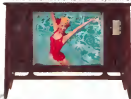
Macolor drawing of a 1960s color TV screen.



Stephan drawing of a 1960s Chromacolor TV screen.

like flesh tones. Little things, like strands of hair, tiny droplets, subtle textures, details and hues.

And Chromacolor is a total system of



color TV. From its Handcrafted Titan Chassis, to its exclusive ChromaticBrain, to its patented Chromacolor picture tube.

So before you buy any color TV, compare Chromacolor, featuring the brightest, sharpest picture tube in giant-screen color TV.

And only Zenith has Chromacolor. At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.

The TV picture at left is simulated, because no printed illustration can accurately reproduce the Chromacolor picture. So we invite you to visit a Zenith dealer and compare Chromacolor with any other color TV.

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CHROMACOLOR

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